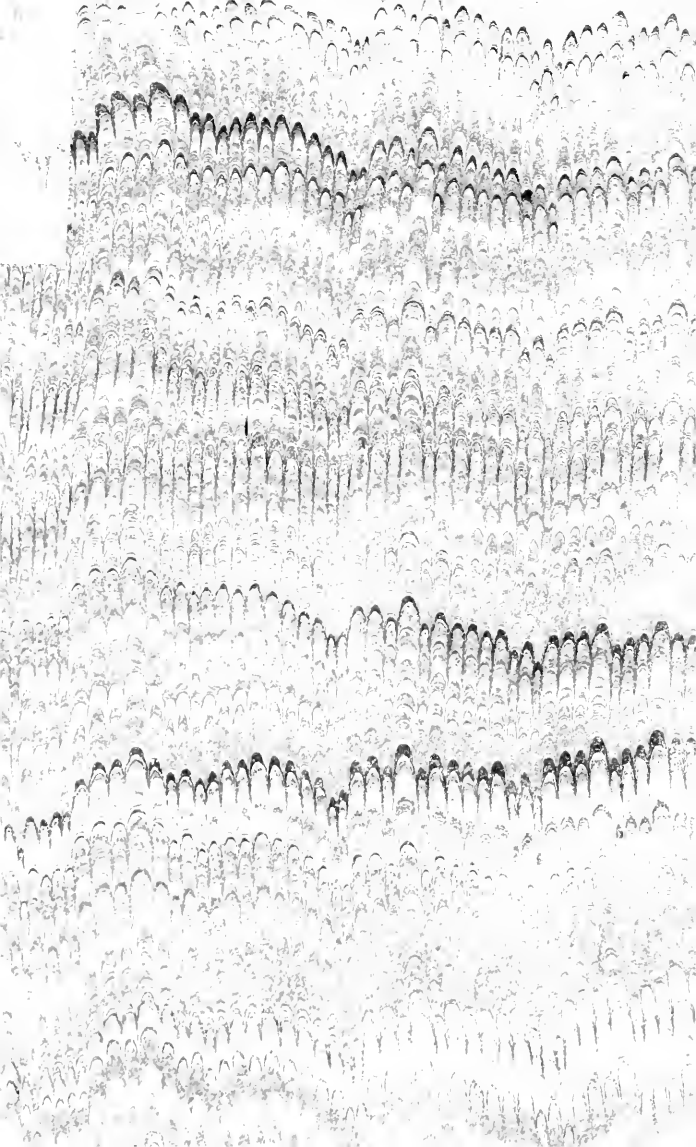


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01328664 6

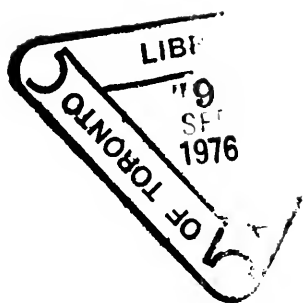


u/

El 12 "



JOHN STERLING



11
5472
Sep 1976
1521

JANUARY 1, 1844.

A LIST OF BOOKS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

EDWARD MOXON, 44, DOVER STREET.

DRAMATIC LIBRARY.

I.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. With an INTRODUCTION. By GEORGE DARLEY. In two volumes, 8vo, with Portraits and Vignettes, price 32s. cloth.

II.

SHAKSPEARE. With REMARKS on his LIFE and WRITINGS. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait, Vignette, and Index, price 16s. cloth.

III.

BEN JONSON. With a MEMOIR. By WILLIAM GIFFORD. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and Vignette, price 20s. cloth.

IV.

MASSINGER AND FORD. With an INTRODUCTION. By HARTLEY COLERIDGE. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and Vignette, price 16s. cloth.

V.

WYCHERLEY, CONGREVE, VANBRUGH, AND FARQUHAR. With BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL NOTICES. By LEIGH HUNT. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and Vignette, price 16s. cloth.

VI.

SHERIDAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS. With a BIOGRAPHICAL and CRITICAL SKETCH. By LEIGH HUNT. Price 5s. 6d. cloth.

ROGERS'S POEMS.

I.

ROGERS'S POEMS. A NEW EDITION. In one volume, illustrated by 72 Vignettes, from designs by Turner and Stothard, price 16s. boards.

II.

ROGERS'S ITALY. A NEW EDITION. In one volume, illustrated by 56 Vignettes, from designs by Turner and Stothard, price 16s. boards.

III.

ROGERS'S POEMS; AND ITALY. In two pocket volumes, illustrated by numerous Woodcuts, price 10s. cloth.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

I.

WORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS. In six volumes, price 30s. cloth.

II.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS, chiefly of early and late Years, including 'The BORDERERS,' a Tragedy. In one volume, price 9s. cloth.

III.

WORDSWORTH'S SONNETS. In one Volume, price 6s. cloth.

IV.

WORDSWORTH'S EXCURSION. A POEM. In one volume, price 6s. cloth.

V.

SELECT PIECES FROM WORDSWORTH. In one volume, illustrated by numerous Woodcuts, price 7s. 6d. boards, or 8s. 6d. half-bound, morocco, gilt edges.

CAMPBELL'S POEMS.

I.

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS. A NEW EDITION. In one volume, illustrated by 20 Vignettes from designs by TURNER, and 37 Woodcuts from designs by HARVEY. Price 20s. boards.

II.

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS. In one pocket volume, illustrated by numerous Woodcuts, price 8s. cloth.

SHELLEY'S WORKS.

I.

SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. In four pocket volumes, price 12s. cloth.

II.

SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and Vignette, price 12s. cloth.

III.

SHELLEY'S ESSAYS AND LETTERS FROM ABROAD. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. In two volumes, price 12s. boards.

CHARLES LAMB'S WORKS.

I.

LAMB'S WORKS. A NEW EDITION. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and Vignette, price 14s. cloth.

II.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. A NEW EDITION. In two pocket volumes, price 8s. cloth.

D'ISRAELI'S WORKS.

I.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. THIRTEENTH EDITION. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait, Vignette, and Index, price 16s. cloth.

II.

MISCELLANIES OF LITERATURE. In one volume, 8vo, with Vignette, price 14s. cloth.

CONTENTS:—

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|--|----------------------------|
| 1. LITERARY MISCELLANIES | | 3. CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS. |
| 2. QUARRELS OF AUTHORS. | | 4. THE LITERARY CHARACTER. |
| 5. CHARACTER OF JAMES THE FIRST. | | |
-

DYCE'S BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER; The Text formed from a new collation of the early Editions. With Notes and a biographical Memoir. By the Rev. A. DYCE. Volumes I to 4, price 48s. cloth. To be completed in eleven volumes, demy 8vo.

CHAUCER AND SPENSER.

I.

CHAUCER'S POETICAL WORKS. With an ESSAY ON HIS LANGUAGE AND VERSIFICATION, and an INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE; together with NOTES and a GLOSSARY. By THOMAS TYRWHITT. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and Vignette, price 20s. cloth.

II.

SPENSER'S WORKS. With a MEMOIR, NOTES, and a GLOSSARY. In one volume, 8vo. *In the Press.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, and
UNIVERSAL REFERENCE, relating to all Ages and Nations;
 comprehending every Remarkable Occurrence, Ancient and
 Modern—the Foundation, Laws, and Governments of Countries
 —their Progress in Civilisation, Industry, and Science—their
 Achievements in Arms; the Political and Social Transactions
 of the British Empire—its Civil, Military, and Religious Institu-
 tions—the Origin and Advance of Human Arts and Inventions,
 with copious details of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The
 whole comprehending a body of information, Classical, Political,
 and Domestic, from the earliest accounts to the present time.
 In one volume, 8vo, price 18s. cloth.

II.

KNOWLES'S (JAMES) PRONOUNCING AND
EXPLANATORY DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LAN-
GUAGE. Founded on a correct development of the Nature,
 the Number, and the Various Properties of all its Simple and
 Compound Sounds, as combined into Syllables and Words.
 Fourth Edition. In royal 8vo, price 12s. cloth.

III.

By the AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST."

DANA'S SEAMAN'S MANUAL; containing a
 Treatise on Practical Seamanship, with Plates; a Dictionary
 of Sea Terms; Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service;
 Laws relating to the Practical Duties of Master and Mariners.
 SECOND EDITION. Price 5s. cloth.

IV.

HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP, to a NEPHEW
 and NIECE; or, Common Sense and Common Errors in Common
 Riding. By Colonel GEORGE GREENWOOD, late of the Second
 Life Guards. Price 2s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

V.

CICERO'S LIFE AND LETTERS. The Life
 by Dr. MURINGTON. The Letters translated by Wm. MELMOTH
 and Dr. HERBERTS. In one volume, 8vo, with Portrait and
 vignette, price 46s. cloth.

VI.

KNOWLES'S DRAMATIC WORKS. In three volumes, post 8vo, price 21s. cloth.

VII.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS. A NEW EDITION. In one volume, 8vo, price 12s. cloth.

VIII.

DEERBROOK. A NOVEL. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. A NEW EDITION. In one pocket volume, price 6s. cloth.

IX.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN. A Historical Romance. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. A NEW EDITION. In one pocket volume, price 6s. cloth.

X.

JARVES'S HISTORY OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS; their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, Discovery by Europeans in the Sixteenth Century, Re-discovery by Cook ; with their Civil, Religious, and Political History, from the earliest Traditionary Period to the Present Time. In one volume, price 6s. cloth.

XI.

SHARPE'S EGYPT UNDER THE ROMANS.
In 8vo, price 7s. boards.

XII.

LIFE IN THE SICK-ROOM: ESSAYS. By AN INVALID. Post 8vo. Price 8s. boards.

XIII.

LAMONT'S IMPRESSIONS, THOUGHTS, and SKETCHES during Two Years in France and Switzerland. Foolscap 8vo. Price 6s. boards.

XIV.

JARVES'S SCENES AND SCENERY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, and a trip through Central America. Price 8s. cloth.

POETRY.

TENNYSON'S POEMS. 2 vols. Price 12s. boards.

MILNES'S POEMS. A new Edition. *In the Press.*

TRENCH'S JUSTIN MARTYR, and other Poems. 6s. bds.

————— POEMS FROM EASTERN SOURCES. Price 6s. bds.

————— GENOVEVA. Price 2s. cloth.

STERLING'S POEMS. Price 6s. boards.

————— STRAFFORD. Price 5s. boards.

HANMER'S (SIR JOHN) POEMS. Price 6s. boards.

————— SONNETS. Price 4s. cloth.

BROWNING'S PARACELSUS. Price 6s. boards.

————— SORDELLO. Price 6s. 6d. boards.

LEIGH'S (LORD) POEMS. Price 7s. cloth.

CARY'S (REV. H. F.) PINDAR. Price 6s. boards.

KENNEDY'S (C. R.) POEMS. Price 5s. boards.

ELEGIAC POEMS. Price 2s. 6d.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS. In 3 vols. Price 12s. boards.

In 24mo.

TALFOURD'S (SERJEANT) TRAGEDIES. Price 2s. 6d.

TAYLOR'S PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE. Price 2s. 6d.

BARRY CORNWALL'S SONGS. *In the Press.*

LEIGH HUNT'S POETICAL WORKS. *In the Press.*

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR WORKS.

SEDGWICK'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD. Price 2s. 6d.

DANA'S TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST. 2s. 6d.

CLEVELAND'S VOYAGES AND COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISES. Price 2s. 6d.

ELLIS'S EMBASSY TO CHINA. Price 2s. 6d.

PRINGLE'S RESIDENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA. 3s. 6d.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. Price 5s.

HUNT'S INDICATOR, AND COMPANION. Price 5s.

— THE SEER ; OR, COMMON-PLACES REFRESHED. Price 5s.

SHERIDAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS. With an INTRODUCTION. By LEIGH HUNT. Price 5s.

LAMB'S LIFE AND LETTERS. Price 5s.

ROSAMUND GRAY, &c. Price 2s. 6d.

TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE. Price 2s. 6d.

— ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. To WHICH IS ADDED, MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL. Price 2s.

HALL'S VOYAGE TO LOO-CHOO. Price 2s. 6d.

— TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA. Price 5s.

— FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS. FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD SERIES. Price 5s. each.

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS. Price 2s. 6d.

ROGERS'S POEMS ; AND ITALY. Price 3s.

LAMB'S POETICAL WORKS. Price 1s. 6d.

BAILLIE'S (JOANNA) FUGITIVE VERSES. Price 1s.

SHAKSPEARE'S POEMS. Price 1s.

•
POEMS.

POEMS.

BY

JOHN STERLING.

*Learning, Thought, and Fancy are
Gentle sister Graces these
If these prove adverse to me,
They will punish—pardon Ye*

LONDON :

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET

MDCCLXXXIX.

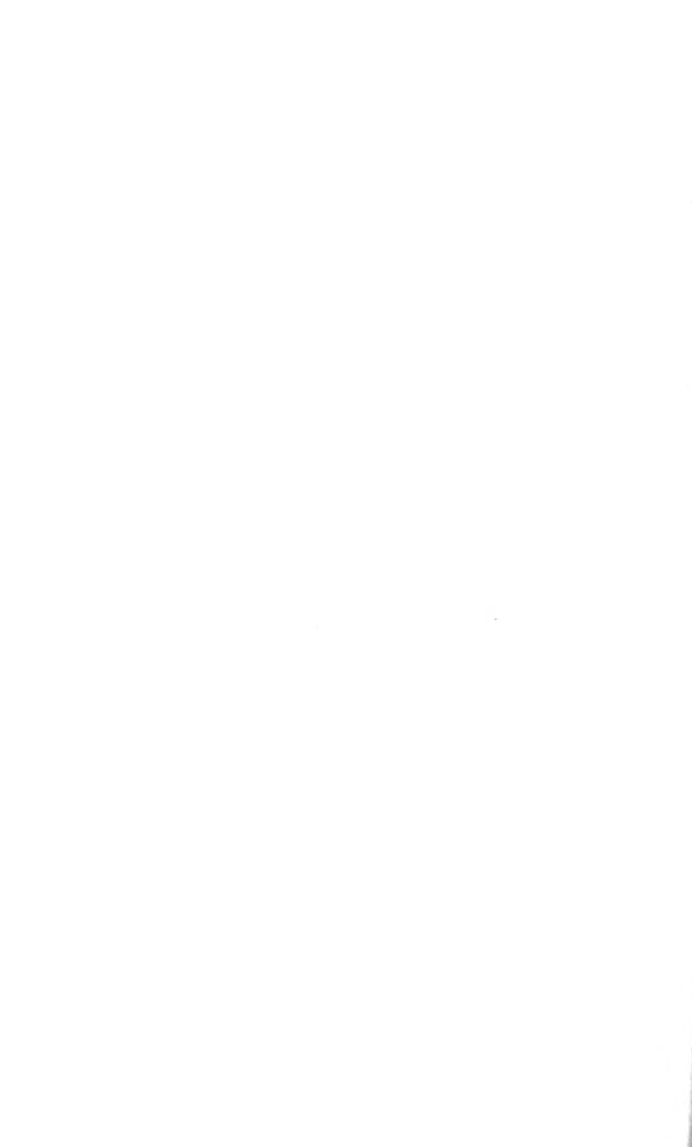
LONDON:

PRALERTY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

ADVERTISEMENT.



THE greater number of the following Poems have appeared, at different times, in “Black-wood’s Magazine ;” from which they are now reprinted, with some corrections.



TO

THE REV. JULIUS CHARLES HARE, M.A.,

RECTOR OF HERSTMENCEUX,

AND LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR FRIEND! how wise thy teaching many know ;

How small my profiting this book may show.

J. S.

CLEFTON

December 21, 1839.



PREFACE.



WILD Flowers, and Leaves that mystic juice distil,

Unsorted, uncombined, one basket fill :

But if in each be aught of *good* or fair,

Ask not too nicely why 'tis here or there :

And meanest weeds to some perhaps recall

A field beloved, or childish garden small.

CONTENTS.



FILIX SEXTON'S DAUGHTER,—

| | PAGE |
|--------------------|------|
| PART I. | 1 |
| PART II. | 13 |
| PART III. | 22 |
| PART IV. | 36 |
| PART V. | 46 |
| PART VI. | 59 |
| PART VII. | 71 |
| PART VIII. | 83 |
| PART IX. | 94 |
| APPENDIX | 116 |

| | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| ALFRED THE HARPER | 129 |
| LADY JANE GREY | 141 |
| SHAKSPERE | 151 |
| COLERIDGE | 153 |
| MIRABEAU | 156 |
| DÆDALUS | 162 |
| THE HUSBANDMAN | 166 |
| THE HUNTER | 168 |
| THE MARINERS | 170 |
| THE DEAREST | 172 |
| LOUIS XV. | 175 |
| THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET | 179 |
| THE LADY OF THE CASTLE | 182 |
| THE SEA-MAID | 188 |
| THE SPICE TREE | 190 |
| THE PENITENT | 194 |
| THE MOSS-ROSE | 198 |

| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| TO A CHILD | 200 |
| THE SONG OF EVE TO CAIN | 203 |
| ABELLARD TO HELOISE | 208 |
| THE AGES | 211 |
| OTHO III. | 215 |
| JOAN D'ARC | 227 |

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

THE
SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

PART I.

I.

BESIDE the church upon the hill
A cottage stood of aspect grey,
Whose owner's task it was to till
The three fair fields that near him lay.

II.

An orchard small, a garden-plot,
By closest hedge-rows fenced around,
With leafy tufts adorned the spot,
And marked the churchyard's ancient bound.

III.

The church and tall church-spire at hand,
Around the cottage spread repose,
And gravely watch the teeming land,
Where slow a stream through meadows flows.

IV.

Below, upon the prosperous plain,
From that high church the gazer sees
A village small, with fields of grain,
And pastures bright, and shading trees.

V.

To him who owned the church-side farm,
The churchyard yielded gain as well ;
The Sexton he, whose strenuous arm
Dug all the graves, and tolled the bell.

VI.

Sad seemed the strong grey-headed man,
Of lagging thought and careful heed ;
He shaped his life by rule and plan,
And hoarded all beyond his need.

VII.

One daughter, little Jane, had he,
The silent Sexton's only child ;
And when she laughed aloud and free,
The grave old Sexton smiled.

VIII.

For she within his heart had crept,
Himself he could not tell you why,
But often he has almost wept
Because he heard her cry.

IX.

All else to him appeared as dead,
Awaiting but the shroud and pall ;
It seemed that to himself he said,
“ I soon shall dig the graves of all.”

X.

And beast, and man, and home, and wife,
He saw with cold, accustomed eye ;
Jane only looked so full of life
As if that she could never die.

XI.

And when she still could hardly walk
By holding fast his wrinkled finger,
So well he loved her prattling talk,
He often from his work would linger.

XII.

Around her waist in sport he tied
The coffin-ropes for leading-strings,
And on his spade she learnt to ride,
And handled all his churchyard things.

XIII.

Henceforth on many a summer day,
While hollowing deep the sunlit grave,
Beside him he would have her stay,
And bones to be her playthings gave.

XIV.

At whiles the busied man would raise
Above the brink his bare grey head,
With quiet smile a moment gaze,
And turn to labor for the dead.

XV.

And when, slow-winding up the hill,
Between the elms, the funeral came,
Her voice would sound so cheerly shrill
As if 'twere all an infant's game.

XVI.

But when the burial rite was there,
The drooping forms, the weeping eyes,
The throb of awe, the hallowing prayer,
The sudden whisper lost in sighs,—

XVII.

The child then sought her father's side,
And spoke in wondering accents low,
And he with settled tone replied,
“Hush, hush, my dear! 'tis always so.”

XVIII.

One day upon a baby's grave
His morning's work must Simon spend,
And Jane her seat by him must have,
And all his well-known task attend.

XIX.

Soon 'mid the herbage soft and green
The little place of rest was made,
Whence daisy-covered meads were seen,
And where the hawthorn cast a shade.

XX.

Old Simon, almost resting now,
With slackened stroke his labor plied,
And raising oft his moistened brow,
With longer looks his darling eyed.

XXI.

Then Jane cried out in sudden glee,
“Oh, what a pretty grave is there !
It would be just a bed for me,
With room enough, and none to spare.”

XXII.

The father's hand let fall the spade,
His cheek grew pale, he heaved a groan ;
And when the children's graves he made,
Thenceforth he always worked alone.

XXIII.

These hours, and others more, when he
In fields was laboring far away,
Dear Jane beside her mother's knee
Would oftener pass than she would play.

XXIV.

The child and woman thus akin,
Two shapes of earth's obscurest throng,
Had love as true, both hearts within,
As e'er was told in lofty song.

XXV.

I know not—'twas not said of yore—
But still to me, a man, it seems
That motherhood is something more
Than e'en a father's fondness deems.

XXVI.

The teeming breast has thrills, 'tis plain,
More deep than e'er its partner knew.
A mystery of hopeful pain,
That makes a greater blessing due.

XXVII.

And thus, though far in years apart,
To them belonged one will alone ;
The youthful and the elder heart
To one true heart had grown.

XXVIII.

The mother bore an humble mind,
Unskilled in aught that's known to few,
Save this, which not in all we find,
A zeal to practise all she knew.

XXIX.

And Mary from her bosom's core
Of many things could speak to Jane,
That, never finding voice before,
Had mutely dwelt, but not in vain.

XXX.

Of change and trial here on earth,
Of hopes by which we conquer sins.
And of the spirit's better birth
Than that which first our life begins.

XXXI.

And sometimes, when the closing day
Shot through the cottage window-pane,
And o'er the mother cast a ray
That kindled all the heart of Jane,—

XXXII.

Then starting she would turn and look,
As if it were the cloven sky
That o'er the quiet face and book
Shot out its glory suddenly.

XXXIII.

And oft while Mary mildly spake
In words now flowing smooth and free,
From Simon's eyes a gleam would break :
So both were taught, his child and he.

XXXIV.

Thus from within and from without,
She grew, a flower for mind and eye ;
Twas love that circled her about,
And love in her made quick reply.

XXXV.

Church, too, and churchyard were to Jane
A realm of dream, and sight, and lore ;
And, but for one green field or twain,
All else a sea without a shore.

XXXVI.

Of this her isle the central rock
Stood up in that old tower sublime,
Which uttered from its wondrous clock
The only thought she had of Time.

XXXVII.

For her at Sunday service-hours
The world she knew expanded wide ;
The chiming bell had wizard powers
To bid new visions round her glide.

XXXVIII.

For now come trooping up the hill
The young and old, the faint and strong ;
The white-frocked men the sunshine fill,
And girls, a many-colored throng.

XXXIX.

The sires of all from age to age
Were laid below the grassy mould,
Whose hillocks were to Jane a page
Inscribed with lessons manifold.

XL.

And in the porch or on the green,
And in the pause between the prayers,
She marked each various face and mien,
With eyes that softened theirs.

XLI.

She marked the hoary head serene,
Or happy look of youthful glow,
As if a sunbeam played between
Those hearts and hers to warm her so.

XLII.

And brows where darker passions wrought,
And strength with more of ill than good,
Would stamp upon her infant thought
A fear not understood.

XLIII.

She turned from these and blushed, and heard
With deeper sense the prayer and praise,
And oft her soul was vaguely stirred
By Israel's old prophetic lays.

XLIV.

The child between her parents knelt,
Who prayed the more to God above,
Because so close to them they felt
The dearest gift of heavenly love.

XLV.

And well that heart the mother knew
Which he but as from far could prize ;
For scarce an impulse in it grew
But Mary first had seen it rise.

PART II.



I.

YEARS flowed away and never brought
The weary weight of care to Jane ;
They prompted pity, wonder, thought,
The strength of life without the pain.

II.

To her new beauty largely given
From deeper fountains looked and smiled ;
And, like a morning dream from heaven,
The woman gleamed within the child.

III.

Her looks were oftener turned to earth,
But every glance was lovelier now ;
'Twas plain that light of inward birth
Now kissed the sunshine round her brow.

IV.

Withdrawn was she from passing eyes
By more than Fortune's outward law,
By bashful thoughts like silent sighs,
By Feeling's lone, retiring awe.

V.

So fair the veil that twilight weaves
Around its golden shows,
Or shadow of its own green leaves
Upon the crimson rose.

VI.

And she had reached a higher state,
Though infant joys about her clung;
With gaze more fixed a graver fate
Above her beauty hung.

VII

So fares it still with human life,
Which, ever journeying on,
Unconscious climbs from peace to strife,
Till new ascents be won.

VIII.

And thus about her youth was spread
The shadow thrown by coming Time,
The expectance deepening o'er her head
Of passion's sad Sublime ;

IX.

While all that on the dreadless flower
The war of Will and Doom may bring,
Unseen, though near, awaits the hour
When that loud bell shall ring.

X.

Heavy and sharp came down the blow
On her who had no shield of pride ;
Who never felt the grasp of woe
Until her mother died.

XI.

The gold-haired maid and hoary man
Together knelt beside the bed,
And saw with helpless gaze the span
That parts the living from the dead.

XII.

Slow dragged the following day : the dear
Familiar life for him was gone ;
The Past was something dark and drear
That he must look at now alone.

XIII.

But all his fondest heart awoke,
And opened toward his orphan child ;
To her with cheerful ease he spoke,
And wondering marked she never smiled.

XIV.

She knew not what the mind will bear,
Yet only learn the more to brave ;
It seemed the world so large and fair
Must sink within her mother's grave.

XV.

That grave himself would Simon make,
And she could only turn and groan,
When first the spade she saw him take,
As if the grief were not his own.

XVI.

Then soon the burial pang was o'er,
And calmer flowed the stream again ;
But Jane would never witness more
An open grave, or funeral train.

XVII.

The maiden now was left to be
Her father's only prop and stay,
And in her looks was plain to see
A heart resolved, but never gay ;

XVIII.

A loveliness that made men sad,
Like some delightful, mournful ditty,
Too fair for any but the bad
To think of without love and pity.

XIX.

Each household task she duly wrought,
No change but one the house could know,
And peace for her was in the thought,
Her mother would have wished it so.

XX.

But often in the silent hours
Of summer dawn, while all were sleeping,
She rose to gather fragrant flowers,
And wet their leaves with weeping.

XXI.

She strewed them o'er her mother's grave,
To wither where her joys had faded ;
No growth she deemed could either have,
Though shower and sunshine aided.

XXII.

And oft she read her Bible there,
Her mother's book that well she knew ;
And felt that in the hallowed air
Its meanings brighter grew.

XXIII.

One morning, while she sat intent
Beside the grassy mound,
Her brow upon the headstone leant,
Her book upon the ground,—

XXIV.

The sunshine sparkled through the sky,
The breeze and lark sang on together,
And yet there seemed, afar and nigh,
One silent world of azure weather.

XXV.

But from beyond the old yew-tree
A voice disturbed the maiden's ear,
And in the lone tranquillity
It sounded strangely near.

XXVI.

'Twas now a broken word of prayer,
'Twas now a sob of "Mother! Mother!"
And all the anguish bursting there
The heart, she felt, had sought to smother.

XXVII.

No woman's voice so deeply rings,
Though men by graves but seldom pray :
And, ah ! how true the grief that brings
A man to weep by light of day !

XXVIII.

With wonder awed, with pity stirred,
From off the book she turned away ;
And still the same low sob she heard,
And still he seemed to pray.

XXIX.

With sorrow moved for others' woes,
The maiden rose upon her knee ;
Upon her feet the maiden rose,
And stood beside the old yew-tree.

XXX.

And doubting, trembling, there she stood,
Nor dared the mourning man to see ;
And, though her thoughts were all of good,
She feared to stay, she feared to flee.

XXXI.

Against the broad yew-trunk she leant,
The black bough's vault of shade adorning,—
A fixed, fair, living monument,
Amid the light of morning :

XXXII.

Till silently stood up the man,
And from the grave he stepped aside.
And some faint speech in vain began
When there the maid he spied.

XXXIII.

He too was young, and sad, and pale,
Two mourning youthful hearts were they ;
They had the same familiar tale,
Man's tale of every day.

XXXIV.

And each upon the other gazed,
With eyes from sorrow cold and slow ;
They knew not why, but felt amazed
That each was not alone in woe.

XXXV.

Few moments they together staid,
And few the broken words they spake,
And parted so, the man and maid,
Their separate paths alone to take.

PART III.

I.

THE pair who thus that morning met
Ne'er mingled mutual speech before,
And now could neither heart forget
What then it seemed so soon was o'er.

II.

In secret thought each breast could say
That one it knew of kindred mould,
And through the long, long summer day
That tale in fancy oft was told.

III.

For far unlike was Henry's mind
To aught that Jane had seen before ;
Though poor and lowly, yet refined
With much of noblest lore.

IV.

A gentle widow's only child
He grew beneath a loving rule ;
A man with spirit undefiled,
He taught the village school.

V.

And many books had Henry read,
And other tongues than ours he knew,
His heart with many fancies fed,
Which oft from hidden wells he drew.

VI.

What souls heroic dared and bore
In ancient days for love and duty,
What sages could by thought explore,
What poets sang of beauty :

VII.

With these he dwelt, because within
His breast was full of silent fire.
No praise of men he cared to win,
More high was his desire ;

VIII.

To be, to know whate'er of Good
To man below is given ;
And, asking Truth as daily food,
Seek little more from Heaven.

IX.

To him the friend of all his days
Had been his fervid mother,
And ev'n the playmate of his plays—
He never wished another.

X.

For he was weak and oft in pain ;
From noisy sports he shrank away ;
But songs to sing, or tales to feign,
For him made holiday.

XI.

And she had lived in cities wide,
Had sailed across the fearful ocean,
Could tell of wealth, and camps, and pride,
And peopled earth's commotion.

XII.

And books had she a precious store,
With words whose light was never dim ;
Five crowded shelves, like mines of ore,
Like undiscovered realms for him.

XIII.

Pure-souled and thoughtful he had been
Who left this young and widowed bride ;
He left her while her leaves were green,
But ah ! they withered when he died.

XIV.

So here she lived unmarked, alone,
Through quiet years remote from blame,
With little that she called her own
But him who bore his father's name.

XV.

Two hearts had she, the one so sad
It often ached within her breast ;
But in her boy a heart she had
Now thrilled with hope, now lulled to rest.

XVI.

And tall he grew, though never strong,
And beautiful at least to her ;
A soul he seemed attuned to song,
With thoughts of endless inward stir.

XVII.

By love she taught him best to love,
She gave him hope by trust in God ;
When pained below he looked above,
Yet scorned no flower of nature's sod.

XVIII.

And when to fill the ripening man¹
In deeper flow Reflection came,
When Dread and Wish their strife began,
Awe, Passion, Doubt no longer tame ;

XIX.

Though small the help 'twas hers to give,—
For deep not wide her best of lore,—
“ Still, still,” she said, “ by Conscience live,
And Peace and Truth from Heaven implore.

XX.

“ My son, for these to toil is good,
For these to none who seek denied ;
Alone thy soul must seek its food,
No teacher at thy side.”

XXI.

No teacher had he ; but a friend,
The only friend in Henry's reach,
The kindly Vicar, books would lend,
And counsel, though unskilled to teach.

XXII.

And by his word was Henry made
The master o'er the village boys ;
A guide who still, by smiles and aid
Allured them on to nobler joys.

XXIII.

Thus Henry lived in meek repose,
Though suffering oft the body's pain,
Though sometimes aimless Thoughts and Woes
Like wrestling giants racked the brain.

XXIV.

But now an outward sorrow fell
Down on his heart with heavier sway ;
Through months of sickness long to tell
His mother passed from earth away.

XXV.

His books, his thoughts, his boys were now
A swarm of insects murmuring round.
Afresh they stung his aching brow,
And fevered him with weary sound.

XXVI.

And when the toilsome day was past,
And darkness veiled his burning eyes,
Upon the bed his limbs he cast,
And wished he ne'er again might rise.

XXVII.

A flitting wish and soon recalled ;
But still there lived within his mind
A shame for courage thus appalled,
For faith so weak, and reason blind.

XXVIII.

He knew not if he slept or woke,
'Twas all exhaustion's clouded gloom,
When light like moonshine round him broke,
And showed his mother's grassy tomb.

XXIX.

And o'er it floated, borne in air,
Her form serene in brightness clad,
With glistening stars around the hair,
And eyes of love no longer sad.

XXX.

Her looks like summer lightning spread,
And filled the boundless heavenly deep ;
Devoutest peace around she shed,
The calm without the trance of sleep.

XXXI.

He knew not how, but soon was gone
The phantom shape that blessed his eyes ;
The churchyard yew-tree, black and lone,
Stood up against the starry skies.

XXXII.

Bewildered, yet consoled, he rose,
And looked abroad ; the east was breaking,
It was the night's grey chilly close,
The day's fresh golden waking.

XXXIII.

He left the village, crossed the rill,
While dawn's pale gleams had scarce begun ;
He climbed the elm-bedarkened hill,
And in the churchyard faced the sun.

XXXIV.

Beneath a clear unruffled morn,
Beside the grave he knelt in prayer ;
There breathed a voice to soothe and warn,
And still Repose was whispering there.

XXXV.

And there he saw the gentle maid
Whose earliest grief was like his own ;
To him it seemed his mother bade
Their hearts should each to each be known.

XXXVI.

Yet passed a week as if no more
They could recall their mournful meeting ;
And then, when seven long days were o'er,
Again they spoke with timid greeting.

XXXVII.

Amid the noiseless crystal morn
They stood below the nightly yew ;
They dared not feel new hopes were born
For both, and trembling pleasures new.

XXXVIII.

Now neither sat beside the grave,
They stood below the old yew-tree,
That with its sable shadows gave
A home where grief might love to be.

XXXIX.

They speak of these so lately gone,
And words of sorrow dry their tears ;
And even when the tear flows on
It each to each the more endears.

XL.

For grief like theirs, without remorse,
Is yet a gentle hallowed feeling,
And darkens not the limpid source
Of joy, from love's deep fountain stealing.

XLI.

Thou Breeze of dawn, a music blent
With hues that are a song of light !
Thou Sky, whose dome, above them bent,
Expands the cloudless God to sight !

XLII.

Thou greenest World, through countless ages
Adorned our bounteous home to be !
So fair beyond the dreams of sages,
Which are but glimmerings caught from thee !

XLIII.

And Thou pervading Soul of All,
In man's large mind most clearly shown,
Receiving at devotion's call
Whate'er of best thy Sire makes known !

XLIV.

Bear witness ! ye consenting saw,
And shed from all your seats above,
A strength all evil fears to awe,
In those two hearts kept pure by love.

XLV.

At morning oft, and oft at eve,
They met below the old yew-tree,
For they would not forget to grieve,
Though blest as mortal souls may be.

XLVI.

'Twere worth a thoughtful wish to see
A loving pair so calm, so young,
'Mid graves, beside the churchyard tree,
While summer's light around them hung.

XLVII.

He seemed a more than common man,
Whom children passed not heedless by,
With graven brow of shapely sin,
And sudden-moving, pensive eye.

XLVIII.

Retired and staid was Henry's look,
And shrank from men's tumultuous ways ;
And on the earth, as on a book,
He oft would bend his gaze.

XLIX.

But then at sight of bird or flower,
Or beam that set the clouds in flame,
Or aught that told of joy or power,
Upon the man his genius came.

L.

Most flashed his light when near him shone
That face of youth, those eyes of blue,
Whose looks re-echoing every tone
Paid heartfelt words with smiles as true.

LI.

His Jane was fair to any eye ;
How more than earthly fair to him !
Her very beauty made you sigh
To think that it should e'er be dim.

LII.

So childlike young, so gravely sweet,
In maidenhood so meekly proud,
With faith sincere and fancies fleet
Still murmuring soft, ne'er clashing loud.

LIII.

It was, in truth, a simple soul
That filled with day her great blue eyes,
That made her all one gracious whole,
Needing no charm of gaudy lies.

LIV.

She had no art, and little skill
In aught save Right, and maiden Feeling :
On Henry's wisdom leant her will,
No ignorance from him concealing.

LV.

And so she freshened all his life,
As does a sparkling mountain rill,
That plays with scarce a show of strife
Around its green aspiring hill.

PART IV.



I.

WITH bold affection, pure and true,
The lovers rose all fears above,
And Faith and Conscience fed with dew
The strong and flame-like flower of love.

II.

Sometimes amid the glimmering meads
They walked in August's genial eve,
And marked above the mill-stream reeds
The myriad flies their mazes weave ;

III.

While under heaven's warm lucent hues
They felt their eyes and bosoms glow,
And learnt how fondly Fancy views
Fair sights the moment ere they go ;

IV.

And then, while earth was darkening o'er,
While stars began their tranquil day,
Rejoiced that Nature gives us more
Than all it ever takes away.

V.

In earliest autumn's fading woods
Remote from eyes they roamed at morn,
And saw how Time transmuting broods
O'er all that into Time is born.

VI.

That power which men would fain forget,
The law of change and slow decay,
Came to them with a mild regret,
A brightness veiled in softening gray.

VII.

While in this mood one day they sat
Beside a lonely woodland spring,
On moss that spread a living mat,
The fountain's verdant fairy-ring—

VIII.

To Jane her lover slowly said,
“The time, the scene, recall to me
A story of a youth and maid
In famous lands beyond the sea.

IX.

“In land of Greece in ancient days,
A man, by many dreams possessed,
Would wander oft from trodden ways,
And rudest wilds he loved the best.

X.

“He strewed his thoughts along the gale,
He gave his heart to earth and sky,
To trees his life's fantastic tale
Was known, but not to mortal eye.

XI.

“His soul devout, his shaping mind,
Had power at last o'er mystic things,
And could the silent charms unbind
That chain the fountain's icy springs.

XII.

“ There shone a breezeless autumn morn
When o’er the crystal cell arose
A woman from the waters born,
And fair as aught our fancy knows.

XIII.

“ He sought to make the maid his own,
For earthly love a human bride ;
Her voice had love’s consenting tone,
But still her words the suit denied.

XIV.

“ One day of free delight was given
In every month of changing skies,
And ’twas once more the autumnal heaven
That saw the Fountain Spirit rise.

XV.

“ Again the youth his fay besought
A mortal’s lot with him to share,
For converse all of airy thought
Contents but souls ensphered in air ;

XVI.

“ And man will ask below the skies
That breast may lean to beating breast,
That mingling hands and answering eyes
May halve the toil and glad the rest.

XVII.

“ ‘ I too,’ she said, and saying darkened,
‘ Must speak to thee of certain doom,
To thee for whom my deeps have hearkened,
And oft have felt unwonted gloom.

XVIII.

“ ‘ For thee my heart, so calmly blest,
Has throbb'd with keener hopes and joys ;
My waves have sparkled unrepressed,
And breathed for thee more vocal noise.

XIX.

“ ‘ Too fond has been our mutual love
To last beneath yon clouded sun ;
And fate, that sternly sits above,
Decrees our bliss already done.

XX.

“ ‘ At morn or eve thou must no more
Return for commune sweet with me ;
My gaze on mortal eyes is o’er,
Because it may not feed on thee.

XXI.

“ ‘ Thou must in other pathways roam,
But sometimes think that once we met ;
I seek my lonely cavern home,
There still to live, but not forget.’

XXII.

“ The tinkling words were hardly said,
When sank the fountain’s mournful daughter ;
The youth, to grasp the form that fled,
Sprang shrieking down the fatal water.

XXIII.

“ ——— Dear Jane, ’tis but a graceful tale,
To soothe and not oppress the mind ;
But now that autumn shakes the dale,
I hear it moaned by every wind.

XXIV.

“ And in the autumn’s look I trace,
I know not why, a threatening stare,
Nor e’en thy dear and rosy face
Can disenchant the spell-bound air.

XXV.

“ Yet well I know ’tis empty dream,
And vainer still the legend’s voice,
For if too fond man’s love may seem,
’Tis but by erring in the choice.

XXVI.

“ Begone, ye fears that round us wait,
The soul’s dim twilight hour possessing !
A Will beyond the Grecian Fate
Has given us love’s unstinted blessing.”

XXVII.

Jane listened first with pensive gaze,
Then dread disturbed her seeking glance,
Though she but half could read the phrase
That told the heathen land’s romance.

XXVIII.

But clear she saw, and truly felt,
That Henry was not well at ease ;
'Twas not a grief obscurely spelt,
But plain as aught the spirit sees.

XXIX.

Her arms around his neck she threw,
Against his cheek her head she laid,
And he could feel the sigh she drew,
Could feel the passion of the maid.

XXX.

Then first upon her soul it broke
That Time their lives might sever ;
From joy's illusive trance she woke,
And it was gone for ever :

XXXI.

As when a child first snaps the band
That close to home has bound him ;
Or as the sailor dreams of land,
And wakes with waves around him.

XXXII.

Long time she paused, and hid her face,
Then raised her head in piteous sorrow,
As doubting in his look to trace
A hope for e'en to-morrow.

XXXIII.

She saw his cheek so worn and pale,
She saw the dark expanded eye,
And read the unimagined tale
Of sure and near mortality.

XXXIV.

Her shuddering face she stooped in dread,
And then once more was fain to look ;
Slow tears her eyes o'erladen shed
On his thin hand, that feebly shook.

XXXV.

They spoke not, ere they rose to go,
And walked towards the far church-tower ;
Side pressed to side, they journeyed slow,
While passed one voiceless, throbbing hour.

XXXVI.

But when they reached the burial-ground,
They turned and looked o'er hill and plain ;
And starting up from misery's swoond,
He faintly said to Jane —

XXXVII.

“ The autumn woods are fair to see,
Its clouds with straggling sunshine burn ;
But lovelier will the springtime be,
When warmth, and hope, and life return.”

XXXVIII.

With long, sad smiles, of sorrow bred,
The fate-struck lovers left each other,
While both at heart more deeply bled
Than even for a buried mother.

PART V.

I.

SLOW dragged along the unsmiling year,
With winds, and mist, and foliage torn ;
And, though their green love grew not sere,
They could not cease to mourn.

II.

But still they strove to feed their hope,
Though faint and worn away with fears,
Though in their passion's ample scope
Was room for many tears.

III.

To see the Sexton Henry came,
And told how great a thing he sought ;
The father did not loudly blame,
But sat in unrejoicing thought.

IV.

At last he spoke with lingering tongue :
" My friend, I will not say you no,
Though Jane is still but weak and young
From her old father's side to go.

V.

" Indeed, 'twould be a wiser plan,
If you could come and live with me ;
Though I am not a book-learned man,
With her to help we might agree.

VI.

" The house and fields are all my own,
And will be his who weds with her,
And I grow old to work alone,
And oft would rather rest than stir.

VII.

" And after me, 'tis plain to think,
My son may be the sexton too ;
But for your books, and pen, and ink,
I know not what 's the good they do.

VIII.

“ Ah ! well, I see you hang your head ;
And where, my friend, 's the need of shame ?
'Tis not too late to change your trade,
And then—why, Jane may change her name.

IX.

“ To-morrow evening come again ;
Till then, at least, I'll not refuse ;
I would not cross the wish of Jane,
Though she, I fear, is young to choose.”

X.

Before that eve, it so befell
The lovers met beside the tree,
And Henry said—“ ’Twere vain to tell
That I would give all else for thee.

XI.

“ But, Jane, although I should desire
My thoughts and aims in sleep were laid,
My limbs the needful strength require
To ply a laborer's busy spade.

XII.

“ Oh ! well ” she said, “ I know it all !
My father’s wish can never be.
Oh ! could we but the past recall,
So you again were calm and free !

XIII.

“ Yet, Henry, still our love is sweet,
The best of life I e’er have known,
And if again we never meet,
I oft shall think it o’er alone.

XIV.

“ These leaves now fallen were bright and green
The day that first I heard you speak ;
How many hours have passed between,
Strengthening my heart, though still ’tis weak !

XV.

“ I seem to look with larger eyes,
What once I dreamt not now is true,
More lovely sights around me rise,
And all seem gifts bestowed by you.

XVI.

“ But yet it must not be, I know ;
Whate’er the unpausing moment’s choice,
Great hopes within your bosom grow
That never yet have found a voice.

XVII.

“ And in the body’s daily task,
While cares on cares for ever crowd,
Regrets will wake, and move, and ask,
And speak the more, not speaking loud.

XVIII.

“ And you will muse, from day to day,
Of all you might have been and done ;
Of wisdom widening men’s highway,
Of goodness warming like the sun.

XIX.

“ And you for want of those will pine,
Who might reflect your fancy’s hues ;
Perhaps will think the fault is mine
Of all the nobler life you lose.”

XX.

Half-turned the maid, as if to part,
Affrighted by the imagined pain,
But Henry pressed her on his heart,
And kissed her eyes, and spoke again :

XXI.

" Though this were sure that sounds so strange,
Yet need we not at once decide ;
Perhaps your father's mind may change,
And hopes be ours now undescried.

XXII.

" Your love is not forbidden yet ;
It shames not you, it blesses me.
The past we never can forget,
And happier may the future be."

XXIII.

The evening came, and trembling stood
The lover at the father's door,
And found within the maid he wooed,
And that old man so bent and hoar.

XXIV.

Their trimmest garb had each put on,
Around was neatness, comfort, cheer ;
The clouds appeared to distance gone,
And Jane's bright face bespoke not fear.

XXV.

She sat upon her mother's chair,
And poured the drink that Henry loved ;
Her tea with him 'twas joy to share,
And sit beside him unreprieved.

XXVI.

And close beside the blazing fire
Was placed the old man's easy seat ;
The flames, now low, then shooting higher,
Cast o'er him glimpses bright and fleet.

XXVII.

They showed a face more soft than bold,
Though keen the look of settled will :
With lines that many winters told,
But little change of good and ill.

XXVIII.

And thus the untroubled, aged man,
His long-experienced lesson spake,
In words that painfully began,
While slow his pondering seemed to wake :—

XXIX.

“ Perhaps you think, dear daughter Jane,
My wishes neither kind nor wise,
Because I keep a sober brain,
And look about with wistful eyes.

XXX.

“ Yet surely I have lived and wrought
More years than you, or he you love :
And it must be a foolish thought
Of yours that I cannot approve.

XXXI.

“ I know not who can better learn
Than one who lives so long as I,
Who all life long have tried to earn,
And still have set my earnings by.

XXXII.

“ And I have seen a many score
Of men and women laid in earth ;
I mostly, too, can tell them o’er,
And all their prosperings, up from birth.

XXXIII.

“ And always I have seen with all
That thriftiest heads are honored most ;
And those who into misery fall,
By them respect is quickly lost.

XXXIV.

“ A man who gains and keeps together,
Is like the tree that yearly grows,
That, stout and strong in wintry weather,
A goodly crop in summer shows :

XXXV.

“ But he who spends and wastes away,
Is like a tree decayed within ;
Though still the leaves and bloom be gay,
Its top will soon be shrunk and thin.

XXXVI.

“ Or see the gleaner winnowing grain,
The empty chaff goes flying ;
The plump, full, yellow seeds remain,
Like gold for profit lying.

XXXVII.

“ The chaff may glitter in the sun,
And dance before the wind,
But I would rather look upon
The quiet heap behind.

XXXVIII.

“ What some within an hour would spend,
The wise man takes a day to win ;
But when the waste has reached an end
The gains of thrift are coming in.

XXXIX.

“ And ever I have seen that they
Who least had cause to fear the morrow,
Have cheeriest walked the open way,
Nor hung their heads in sorrow.

XL.

“ Who does not feel how hard the thought
For one whose life must soon be o’er,
That all his days have added nought,
But still made less men’s little store ?

XLI.

“ And therefore, Jane, I think it right
That you should choose a gainful man,
One working hard from morn till night,
Gathering and hoarding all he can.

XLII.

“ Yet, mind you well, I do not say
But Henry may your husband be ;
Though much I doubt if learning’s pay
Would keep such house as pleases me.

XLIII.

“ His health, by study much abused,
Seems now, if well I mark, to pine ;
And then he has been always used
To nurture delicate and fine.

XLIV.

" His mother's stipend ceased with her,
And he, I know, must needs be poor ;
And so methinks it better were
That you and he should love no more.

XLV.

" But stay till winter days be past,
And when the spring returns again,
If still I find your liking last,
Why then—nay, come and kiss me, Jane."

XLVI.

Thus wandered round his maze of speech
The long-experienced man ;
Determined both the twain to teach,
Through all his saws he ran.

XLVII.

With eyes upon the table bent,
The maiden stooped her glowing face ;
But Henry gazed with look intent,
The father's inmost thought to trace.

XLVIII.

And when of sinking health he spoke,
The lover's brow was flushed with red,
While Jane turned white beneath the stroke,
With anguish more than dread.

XLIX.

But when the closing promise came,
They both were lifted up and cheered ;
For, freed from strife, remorse, and blame,
The old man's eye no more they feared.

PART VI.



I.

NOVEMBER days are dull and dark,
And well they teach the heart to ponder,
Which sometimes needs must pause to mark
How fades from earth its garb of wonder.

II.

We breathe at whiles so charmed an air,
By sound each leaf's light fall we learn,
No breeze disturbs the spider's snare,
That hangs with dew the stately fern.

III.

Soon heaves within the boundless frame
A strong and sullen gust of life,
And rolling waves and woods proclaim
The untuned world's increasing strife.

IV.

'Mid boom, and clang, and stormy swell,
And shadows dashed by blast and rain,
Leaves heaped, whirled, routed, sweep the dell,
And glimpses course the leaden main.

V.

And yet, though inward drawn and still,
There beats a hidden heart of joy ;
Beneath the old year's mantle chill
Sleeps, mute and numb, the unconscious boy.

VI.

And they who muse and hope may guess
With faith assured the future spring ;
But him who loves all hours will bless,
All months to him of May-time sing.

VII.

“ At least I've known,” young Henry said,
“ How dark soe'er new days may prove,
Love's inspiration shared and fed
By her I love.”

VIII.

With lifted brow, and buoyant heart,
He now fulfilled his daily toil,
And e'en 'mid weary tasks would start
Bright springs from desert soil.

IX.

He stood with zeal the untaught to teach,
'Mid fifty faces young and rude,
And turned a cheerful front to each,
That brightened them and yet subdued.

X.

He strove that clear they might discern,
What aims to man true value give,
And said—"You do not live to learn,
But learn that you may better live."

XI.

The boy who came with sun-bleached head,
And dress by many a patch repaired,
Still felt in all that Henry said
Even more than strongest words declared.

XII.

Those truths, as more than lessons taught,
Were learnt as more than lessons too ;
The teacher's precept, will, and thought,
E'en from his look fresh import drew.

XIII.

And well he knew how wilful sway
Disloyal service breeds at best,
And often makes the heart a prey
To hate, by fear alone repressed.

XIV.

Yet could he temper love and meekness
With all the sacred might of law,
Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
And hallowing tenderness by awe.

XV.

Nor e'er beneath his steadfast eye
Could ill escape its grave reproof ;
Nor durst he set his conscience by,
That peace might reign by its removal.

XVI.

His love was no unblest device
To lengthen falsehood's coward mood,
Nor purchased liking at the price
Of calling evil—good.

XVII.

He woke the sense, he warmed the breast,
Affirming truths supreme,
And let the voice within attest
He told no misty dream.

XVIII.

Each feeling thus that moved the child,
As each in turn awoke,
To its fixed law was reconciled,
And owned the strengthening yoke.

XIX.

So still the God revealed below
As one great Will of Good to all,
He taught for Sire and Judge to know,
On whom for aid all groans may call.

XX.

Amid his poor, unknowing throng
Of little learners pleased he stood ;
To him their murmur hummed a song,
And every face had sparks of good.

XXI.

And when the exhausted aching frame
Would fain have dropped in seas of sleep,
He thought how high the teacher's aim,
How dread the watch 'twas his to keep.

XXII.

So have I seen upon a hill
A fair green tree of milk-white flowers,
Where bees sucked out their honeyed fill
Through all the long day's basking hours :

XXIII.

To its green cells and vases white,
That yield an odorous air,
The swarm with musical delight
For their sweet gold repair.

XXIV.

But dark decay may mine the tree,
Or lightning-bolt may blast,
And not a flower for wind or bee
Delight the saddening waste.

XXV.

The winter pressed with gloom and chill
Round Henry's wavering thread of life,
And though the eye shone boldly still,
The cheek grew thin amid the strife.

XXVI.

And while at solitary night
His candle showed some ancient page,
And like a deft familiar sprite
Evoked for him the buried sage ;

XXVII.

While from the distant snow-clad wold
The clown, belated, marked the beam,
Nor guessed of what the glimmering told,
What human task, or goblin dream,—

XXVIII.

The lonely student oft would shrink,
And startling, clasp his painful breast,
With long-drawn sigh of Jane would think,
And seek at last reluctant rest.

XXIX.

Yet once again did Jane and he
By Simon's hearth at evening meet,
And once beneath his bare ash-tree
They filled at dawn their grassy seat.

XXX.

'Twas then a cold and misty morn,
The churchyard seemed a cave of death ;
They saw the yew, by cold unshorn,
Stand hearse-like black in winter's breath.

XXXI.

And e'en while now the lovers spoke
They felt the fog between them rise ;
Round each it spread a dull grey cloak,
And masked them each in vague disguise.

XXXII.

At parting Henry said—"Farewell ;
On Sunday morn we meet again ;
When first rings out the old church-bell,
With merry chant, expect me then."

XXXIII.

At last, though slow, that Sunday came,
And Jane put on her best array,
And still her color fled and came
As if it were her wedding-day.

XXXIV.

Her father went to ring the bell,
And she to watch the doorway sprang,
And on the latch her finger fell,
And paused, and paused—the church-bell rang.

XXXV.

No step was there : it seemed a knell
Whose notes her father's hand was ringing ;
She oped the door for breath, the bell
So heavily went swinging.

XXXVI.

She knew that Henry was not there,
And yet she looked below the tree ;
There stood nor shape of misty air,
Nor sunbright face in sunshine free.

XXXVII.

She looked the winding road along,
Now hid no more with leafy green,
But 'mid its loitering speckled throng
For her no living shape was seen.

XXXVIII.

She turned, and passed the dim church-door,
Beneath an ancient arch's frown,
And in the aisle upon the floor
She knelt not, but her knees fell down.

XXXIX.

Upon the seat she stooped her face,
But still she heard that doleful bell,
And though she prayed for Heaven's dear grace,
'Twas still the same pursuing knell.

XL.

And when the people stood to sing,
Though now the weary bell was o'er,
She heard it through her bosom ring,
As if 'twould ring for evermore.

XLI.

She could not rise upon her feet,
She could not stand when others stood,
And all the words she could repeat
Were still—"To me, O God! be good!"

XLII.

At last the service all was done,
And she might go from church away,
But still she could not be alone,
She must beside her father stay.

XLIII.

His mid-day meal she must prepare
Before the second service-bell;
And she must sit beside him there,
And by constraint be well.

XLIV.

Once more they reached their home again ;
The winter day had changed to night ;
He dozed beside the fire, and Jane
At last was free from busy light.

XLV.

She left his frugal supper laid,
She heard him breathe with slumbrous tone ;
And then, released, the trembling maid
Dared slip away alone.

PART VII.

I.

UPON the maiden's weary soul
The silent darkness dawned like day,
While free amid the boundless Whole,
Alone with God, she took her way.

II.

And yet a thrill of shame and fear
In her with love and anguish met ;
She longed that Earth would cease to hear,
And Heaven one hour its gaze forget.

III.

But Henry more than all was dear :
On her he seemed to call for aid,
And she through wave and gale would steer,
To track the wandering, mourning shade.

IV.

Along the churchyard path she went,
And saw above the yew,
The low discoloured firmament,
While cold winds round her blew.

V.

But swift along the road she sped
With still increasing pace,
And walked where blackest darkness led,
The more to hide her face.

VI.

And now to Henry's home she came,
Where never she had been before ;
She could not now remember shame,
But knocked upon the door.

VII.

An aged woman, dull and slow,
Came creeping at the sound,
Nor asked the comer's name to know,
But straight the key turned round.

VIII.

Jane hurried in, and at the first,
These words unpausing said—
“ O ! tell me, tell me all the worst
Tell me, is Henry dead ? ”

IX.

She marked the woman's wrinkled cheek,
And saw 'twas swollen with weeping,
Before she heard her answering speak,
“ He is alive, and sleeping.

X.

“ 'Tis now the second day that he
Has been too weak to rise from bed,
And truly, as it seems to me,
He never more will lift his head.

XI.

“ I've loved him ever since a child,
And tended him from day to day ;
I sometimes think 'twould drive me wild
If I should see him pass away.”

XII.

Then Jane exclaimed,—“ What noise is there ?
I hear a tapping faint and low.”
The other hastened up the stair,
And Jane with her would go.

XIII.

And she was there when Henry said—
“ I heard below a well-known voice ;
Or was my heart by dreams betrayed,
That made me suddenly rejoice ? ”

XIV.

His words were weak, and drawn with pain,
His face looked flushed with burning red ;
She would no more her love restrain,
But swiftly knelt beside the bed.

XV.

Her arms around his neck she threw,
She gave his lips a quivering kiss,
And heart to heart tumultuous flew,
For naught was left them now but this.

XVI.

Few moments passed in hurried grief,
And then her face away she drew,
And gazing, sought to find relief
In looks where misery met her view.

XVII.

He strove to smile with happier eyes,
But could not long the toil sustain ;
From his deep glance the meaning flies,
The lids drop down—he longs in vain.

XVIII.

On her young heart his withered hand
She laid, and pressed it strongly there,
As if her life she could command,
And bid it pass to him from her.

XIX.

He slept. The maiden whispered low,
“ I pray you try to find me, dame,
A friend who to the church would go,
And say why here to-night I came.”

XX.

The woman went, and Jane remained
With all she e'er had loved the best,
His hand upon her bosom strained,
Her face by his, but not in rest.

XXI.

In her large eyes the unthought-of tears
Gathered fully, gathered slowly,
And o'erflowed their azure spheres,
Drops of pain, but pure and holy.

XXII.

The lingering minutes, measured out
By that sad rain, drew on and on,
Till Henry feebly turned about,
And raised his eyes, and heaved a groan.

XXIII.

“Dear Jane,” he said, “my only love !
I feel I have not long to stay ;
'Tis good, almost my hopes above,
That you are not away.

XXIV.

“ ’Tis not that I have much to tell
Before my lips their breath resign ;
But, oh ! ’tis peace, ’tis more than well,
While thus my hand is clasped in thine.

XXV.

“ For here upon my bed of death
Is with me all that earth can give ;
Thus God supports the fearless faith
Which cannot cease to live.

XXVI.

“ My mother, and that humble friend,
The boys that were my flock, and thou,
To none beside my thoughts extend,
Save Him whose heaven is near me now.

XXVII.

“ My boys again I fain would see,
And speak what last inspires my soul ;
—That men who would be truly free,
Must win their aim by self-control.

XXVIII.

“That Reverence is the bond for man
With all of Best his eyes discern ;
Love teaches more than Doctrine can,
And no pure Hope will vainly yearn.

XXIX.

“That Conscience holds supernal power
To rend or heal the human breast ;
And that in guilt's most dismal hour
God still may turn its war to rest.

XXX.

“Through all on earth that lives and dies
Still shines that sole eternal star,
And while to its great beams I rise,
They seem to make me all they are.

XXXI.

“But all from depths of mystery grows,
Which hide from us the root of things ;
And good beyond what Science knows
To man his faith's high Reason brings.

XXXII.

“ To thee, to all, my sinking voice,
Beloved ! would fain once more proclaim,
In Christ alone may those rejoice.
Deceived by every other name.

XXXIII.

“ In all but Him our sins have been,
And wanderings dark of doubtful mind ;
In Him alone on earth is seen
God's perfect Will for all mankind.

XXXIV.

“ The shadows round me close and press,
But still that radiant orb I see,
And more I seem its light to bless
Than aught near worlds could give to me.

XXXV.

“ As light and warmth to noontide hours,
To sweetest voices tuneful songs,
And as to summer fields the flowers,
So heaven to heavenly souls belongs.”

XXXVI.

His upward look drew light and peace
From some unclouded source above ;
The tears of Jane had learnt to cease,
And she was hushed in fearless love.

XXXVII.

But, sighing slow, he turned from heaven
To gaze at her, his lamp on earth,
With thoughts that need not be forgiven,
For they, too, claimed a sinless birth.

XXXVIII.

“ My more than dear, my wife ”—he said—
“ I leave a toilsome lot to thee ;
To bear, a widow, though unwed,
The lonely memory of me.

XXXIX.

“ So young, so beautiful as thou,
To feel thou art on earth alone,
That none can be, as I am now,
Thy first whole hope, and all thy own ;

XL.

“ With few or none beside the heart
To cheer, uphold, and comprehend ;
With thoughts at which the crowd would start,
And grief which they would vainly tend.

XLI.

“ Still hope ! still act ! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

XLII.

“ To toil in tasks, however mean,
For all we know of right and true—
In this alone our worth is seen ;
’Tis this we were ordained to do.

XLIII.

“ So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give ;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,
By thee let others noblier live.

XLIV.

“ Oh ! wail not in the darksome forest,
Where thou must needs be left alone,
But, e'en when memory is sorest,
Seek out a path, and journey on.

XLV.

“ Thou wilt have angels near above,
By whom invisible aid is given ;
They journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest except in heaven.

XLVI.

“ The God who gave in me a friend,
Is more than any friend to all ;
Upon my grave before him bend,
And He will hear thy lonely call.

XLVII.

“ One kiss, my Jane—I now must rest.”
His eyes grew faint, his eyelids closed,
And when her lips to his were pressed,
His lips in death reposed.

PART VIII.



i.

“ On ! father, father, list to me ;
The tale that I shall tell,
It must no more my burthen be,
And, father, heed me well.

ii.

“ Last night upon my bed I lay,
And prayed that I might sleep,
But still my wakeful thoughts would stay,
And still I could not weep.

iii.

“ The moon-line filled my room with light,
A stream of silver air,
And all the window-panes were bright,
And showed the stars so fair.

IV.

“ I lay and looked, when lo ! a hand,
A giant hand outspread ;
Methought the moonlight skies it spanned,
And darkened o'er my bed.

V.

“ This hand of giant size, I say,
It beckoned me to rise,
I saw its shadow where I lay,
I felt it o'er my eyes.

VI.

“ I rose and went, I passed the door,
And, father ! I beheld,
Where stood the old yew-tree before,
A form that heavenward swelled.

VII.

“ It seemed a dark gigantic man,
Who sat upon a mound ;
His face not well my eye could scan,
For darkness wrapped it round.

VIII.

“ Oh ! taller far than spire or trees,
That form above me bowed ;
A mantle falling o’er his knees
Concealed him all in cloud.

IX.

“ I knew ’twas not an earthly thing
That there before me rose ;
Some nameless ghost-land’s ghostly king,
Whose look my life-blood froze.

X.

“ And when he fixed his gaze on me
I turned my eyes away,
And there before his foot could see
A grave that open lay.

XI.

“ I could not choose but enter there ;
And passing down the new-made cell,
I left the clear and moonlight air,
Where dark his shadow fell.

XII.

“ With easy slope the passage dived,
And on I travelled far and slow,
Till through the vault my steps arrived
Where light from heaven appear'd to flow.

XIII.

“ I saw a valley broad and green,
Where trees and rocks were scattered round,
And hills of ancient wood were seen
Encircling all the quiet ground.

XIV.

“ Old trees and vast, with caves of shade,
Bright waters foaming down the steep,
Green hues that dappled all the glade,
Grey rocks that lay in awful sleep.

XV.

“ And over all a sky was spread
Of woodland violet's deepest glow,
While amber pale and ruby red
Hung o'er the winding hills below.

XVI.

“ And ’mid this sky without a moon
Great beaming stars of golden blaze,
Like flaming garlands thickly strewn,
Filled all the world with whispering rays.

XVII.

“ Then o’er my head a sound I knew
Of many swift and gentle wings;
Sweet airy music o’er me flew,
And seemed to wheel in blended rings.

XVIII.

“ And sooner than than eye could see
With life the earth and skies o’erflowed,
And grass and rock, and hill and tree,
Ten thousand radiant beings showed.

XIX.

“ ’Twas Angels all, a dazzling throng,
With wings of rose and golden down,
With hair of sunbeams pale and long,
To each bright face a streaming crown.

XX.

“ They floated o’er the trees and rocks,
They sat o’er all the grassy dell,
They hid the hills in glancing flocks,
And seemed amid the stars to dwell.

XXI.

“ And One to me, the nearest there,
Upon a brown and craggy steep,
Raised up toward heaven a face so fair,
With inmost joy I longed to weep.

XXII.

“ He held a branch of darkest yew
That dropped with glittering tears of rain,
And loud he sang a song that drew
All things around beneath the strain.

XXIII.

“ He sang of love, and death, and life,
And worlds and hearts, the homes of these ;
Of peace attuning every strife,
Of grief whose pang the spirit frees ;

XXIV.

“ Of all that is, and journeys on
From worst of ill to best of good ;
For not a moment e’er is gone
But in the next survives renewed.

XXV.

“ And while he sang, the earth and skies,
And all those countless forms around,
More softly gleamed with shifting dyes,
And flushing drank the blissful sound.

XXVI.

“ The trees were piles of trembling flame,
The rocks like diamonds heaped the sod,
Each star a living eye became,
And all, methought, were eyes of God.

XXVII.

“ The stream that shimmered down the hill
In waves of clearest crimson ran ;
And that sweet singer, brightening still,
Grew lovelier far than man.

XXVIII.

“ His words upon the glowing stream
Sank melting down, and borne along
Upon the mingled floods of dream
All floated in accord to song.

XXIX.

“ The world was changed around me all,
To arches rock and tree were grown ;
I stood amid a pillared hall,
Beneath a roof of carven stone.

XXX.

“ The windows beamed with many a hue
Of living forms in smooth array ;
Again those Angel hosts I knew,
And through them shot the light of day.

XXXI.

“ They twinkling shone with radiance keen,
With eyes whose brightness dazzled mine ;
And thousands round the walls were seen,
With hands upraised in prayer divine.

XXXII.

“ Before me, ’mid a depth of gloom,
I marked one high enormous shade,
And him I knew, compelled by whom
His giant hand I first obeyed.

XXXIII.

“ Like some great dusky crag he towered,
In cloudy folds involved and dim ;
As midnight’s darkest heaven he lowered,
The world’s whole strength reposed in him.

XXXIV.

“ But, oh ! a form before him lay,
And watch o’er this he seemed to keep ;
’Twas Henry’s form in twilight grey,
That corpse-like slept an icy sleep.

XXXV.

“ And when that frozen face I saw,
So calm, so chill, without a breath,
I knew the Giant Shadow’s Law,
And owned the king was Death.

XXXVI.

“The dread lips moved ; a voice there came,
Like midnight wind in trees ;
All shook around, as waves a flame
Beneath a gusty breeze.

XXXVII.

“ ‘ I claim my own,’ the shadow said ;
‘ If any answers, No !
His life must ransom this, my dead,
Who thus shall ’scape from woe.’

XXXVIII.

“O’er all those Angel faces fell
A sad and helpless gloom ;
The building seemed a mouldering cell,
A dark eternal tomb.

XXXIX.

“Then loud I spake, with swelling voice,—
‘ To him thy respite give,
And hear, O ! Spirit, hear my choice
To die that he may live.’

XL.

“ Before the lowly bier I knelt,
And kissed the lips and eyes,
And o’er the face a warmth I felt,
And saw new life arise.

XLI.

“ There dawned again my Henry’s look,
And feebly met my view ;
With sighs and throbs my bosom shook,
His eyes my presence knew.

XLII.

“ Above him poured a blaze of light,
And, looking whence it flowed,
The boundless form was dazzling bright,
The darkness round him glowed.

XLIII.

“ Like God he sat, serene and mild,
In snowy whiteness clad :
His face with sunlike glory smiled,
And made all beings glad.

XLIV.

“ No roof was there ; the stars of heaven
Were shining round his head,
And o’er his brow a Crown of Seven
Their wondrous lustre shed.

XLV.

“ In circling lines the Angel race,
A world of lights, rose high ;
And joy shone bright in every face,
And love in every eye.

XLVI.

“ But Angels’ looks were nought to me,
Who saw beside me clear
My Henry’s eyes, that now could see,
Nor taught me more to fear.

XLVII.

“ No voice of God or Angel spoke,
And I was Henry’s own ;
But when upon my bed I woke,
I found myself alone.

XLVIII.

“ But still I saw his fondest gaze,
Who bade affright be dumb ;
And, filled with peacefullest amaze,
I knew my end was come.”

PART IX.



I.

UPON the spring-clad fields and woods,
The churchyard graves and tall church-tower,
The warm, pure daylight softly broods,
And fills with life the morning hour.

II.

The vast sepulchral yew-tree waves,
And feels the sunshine cheer the shade,
And e'en the low and grassy graves
Appear in living slumber laid.

III.

The only sad and helpless thing,
That May-day makes not less forlorn,
Is that old man, to whom the spring
Is dead, and dead the breezy morn.

IV.

These live not now, for all is dead
With her that lies below the sod ;
His daughter from his life is fled,
And leaves but dust by spectres trod.

V.

The smooth, sweet air is blowing round,
It is a Spirit of hope to all ;
It whispers o'er the wakening ground,
And countless daisies hear the call ;

VI.

It mounts and sings away to heaven,
And 'mid each light and lovely cloud ;
To it the lark's loud joys are given,
And young leaves answer it aloud.

VII.

It skims above the flat green meadow,
And darkening sweeps the shiny stream ;
Along the hill it drives the shadow,
And sports and warms in the skiey beam.

VIII.

But round that hoar and haggard man
It cannot shed a glimpse of gladness ;
He wastes beneath a separate ban,
An exile to a world of sadness.

IX.

Upon a bench before his door
He sits, with weak and staring eyes,
He sits and looks, for straight before
The grave that holds his daughter lies.

X.

If any come with him to speak,
In dull harsh words he bids them go ;
For this strong earth he seems too weak,
For breathing life too cramped and slow.

XI.

A gnawing rage, an aimless heat,
Have scored and set his grating face ;
His eyes like ghosts the gazer greet,
The guards of misery's dwelling-place ;

XII.

A sun-dial pillar left alone,
On which no dial meets the eye ;
A black mill-wheel with grass o'er-grown,
That hears no water trickle by ;

XIII.

Dark palsied mass of severed rock,
Deaf, blind, and sere to sun and rain ;
A shattered gravestone's time-worn block
That only shows the name of—Jane.

XIV.

'Tis thus he sits from hour to hour,
Amid the breeze beneath the sky ;
And still, when beats the noisy shower,
The cottage doorway keeps him dry.

XV.

With open door he shelters there,
A pace behind his outward seat ;
And, fixed upon his old arm-chair,
Looks through the rain from his retreat.

XVI.

Upon his daughter's grave he stares,
As if her form he thought would rise,
For all to him the semblance wears
Of mist that has his daughter's eyes.

XVII.

He heeds not passing beast nor men,
Nor wain at hand, nor distant plough ;
Not e'en a burial draws his ken—
He is no longer Sexton now.

XVIII.

But while, like some grey stump, he sits,
Dried up at root, and shorn of all,
Still Nature round him works and flits,
And fills and lights her festival.

XIX.

And e'en around his daughter's grave,
Where Life for him in Death is cold,
Fair growth goes on, and grasses wave,
And shooting flies their revels hold.

XX.

And, lo ! at last the old man's gaze
Is brightened with a gleam of sense,
A butterfly all yellow plays
Above the grave, nor wanders thence.

XXI.

And see, below the flutterer's dance,
From earth a streak of color springing ;
It is the primrose leaves that glance,
To him his daughter's presence bringing.

XXII.

To her 'twas May's most precious flower,
That well she loved, and tended oft ;
Its pale stars filled her hawthorn bower
With clustering fancies mild and soft.

XXIII.

She strewed it o'er her mother's grave,
Its grace with Henry loved to note ;
To Simon oft the flower she gave,
And fixed it in his Sunday coat.

XXIV.

And now, with gradual change of heart,
He saw it peep above the sod
Where she was laid : it seemed to start
A special sign for him from God.

XXV.

An hour he sat, and marked it well,
Then rose and would behold it near ;
His face no more was hard and fell,
No more the man was numbed and drear.

XXVI.

Another hour upon his staff
He leant, and pored above the grave ;
He gave at length a silent laugh,
And seemed to grasp some purpose brave.

23

XXVII.

Then eager toward his house he went,
And took his old and idle spade,
And round his fields with fixed intent
He walked, and many pauses made :

XXVIII.

And where below the hedge-row shade,
A little tuft of primrose grew,
He dug it with his churchyard spade,
As if 'twere gold that thence he drew.

XXIX.

And so with sods of yellow flowers
He filled his basket full and gay,
And back in evening's quiet hours
Towards the church he took his way.

XXX.

Beside the grave of Jane he stood,
And round it smoothly dug the ground ;
With clods as many as he could,
He made a primrose border round.

XXXI.

His work was done, and brightly sank
The day's last light upon his head ;
The flowers that kindred beauty drank,
And all was peace around the dead.

XXXII.

And while by day the man had wrought,
And while by night awake he lay,
He felt within a flow of thought
Serene, that led him still to pray.

XXXIII.

Before him now his daughter came
In all her truth, as if alive ;
Now child, now woman, still the same,
And made his purest heart revive.

XXXIV.

He thought how after Henry died
She strove and toiled with earnest will,
To each small task her heart applied,
Though Death within was strengthening still :

XXXV.

How week on week, 'mid humble calm,
And zealous heed that would not sleep,
She found her suffering's holiest balm
In suffering's lowest silent deep.

XXXVI.

And so she wore away. The night
In which she went to Henry's home
Had seized her all with chilly blight,
And warmth again would never come.

XXXVII.

She laid her down, but not to rest,
For feverish dreams besieged her bed ;
And, with too many thoughts oppressed,
It seemed that thought itself was fled.

XXXVIII.

But now with steadfast voice and eye
She met her father's wandering gaze,
And told of visions bright and high—
Strange visions told in darkling phrase.

XXXIX.

Then swift she sank ; she could not speak,
But lay a pale, unmoving clod,
At last she said, with utterance weak,
“ Remembering me, remember God ! ”

XL.

The thought of this, of her, of all
That she to him had been before,
Began within his heart to call,
And open wide its inmost door.

XLI.

Though seventy winters gathering still
Had choked with ice some sacred cells,
He felt within him now a thrill
That thawed the solid icicles.

XLII.

From morning's burst to soothing eve
He loitered near the hallowed spot ;
And though he never ceased to grieve,
The pangs of grief he now forgot.

XLIII.

He tended still the primrose flowers,
He decked with them his Mary's mound,
In what to him were Sabbath hours
On Henry's grave he set them round.

XLIV.

And sometimes when a funeral came,
With pensive eyes the train he saw ;
Bareheaded stood, and so would claim
His share in others' grief and awe.

XLV.

But once 'twas more than this. There died
A hapless widow's only good,
A daughter, all her help and pride,
Who toiled to gain their daily food.

XLVI.

Who saw their state might well confess
Such boundless want was strange to see,
For little can the rich man guess
The poor man's utter poverty.

XLVII.

And when the burial all was o'er,
And there the mother staid alone,
With fingers clasped, and weeping sore,
She stood, for every hope was gone.

XLVIII.

But Simon crept in silence there,
And stretched his hand beneath her view,
That held five golden pieces fair,
More wealth than e'er before she knew.

XLIX.

“The aching heart it cannot heal,
I know, nor give you rest,” he said—
“But thus you will not have to feel
The pangs that haunt the wretch's bed.”

L.

Few words she spake, and turned away,
But lighter heart that eve he bore
Than he for many a weary day,
Perchance had ever felt before.

LI.

Next day began with sunbright dawn,
And soon to tend the grave he went ;
From toil by sultry heat withdrawn,
He felt his strength was overspent :

LII.

He sank to earth in quiet sleep,
Beside the grave his head he laid,
And in that slumber soft and deep
He died below the yew-tree shade.

APHRODITE.

I.

A SPRING time eve illumined wide
A sunny Grecian land,
Where peace was guarded valiantly
By many a spearman's hand ;
From field and vineyard home returned
The weary peasant crew,
And children laughed and leapt to see
Their fathers come in view.

II.

The closing twilight dimly fell
Above the smoking roofs,
The laborer's eyes dropped heavily,
The housewives left their woofs,

While softly flew the western breeze
Above the woods and streams,
But breathed too low to sound amid
The slumberers' easy dreams.

III.

As on each lonely silent hearth
The blaze was flickering low,
The shaggy wolf-dog stretched himself
Before the crimson glow ;
And shy nocturnal visitants,
And horny-footed Pan,
Through all the village wandered slow
To guard the rest of man.

IV.

The mourners felt it comfort now
That they were free to weep,
And in their musing youthful maids
Went smilingly to sleep,
And some in joyous vision sought
The dance in flowery glades,
And some a tenderer delight,
Unseen in forest shades.

v.

Yet one of all the loveliest,
Young Myrto, sought not rest,
By crowding fancies kept awake
That fluttered in her breast,
While 'mid the pillared porch she sat
Of her old sire's abode,
Unheeding that beneath the stars
Her zoneless bosom glowed.

vi.

She stooped her head, whose tresses hid
Her clenched and trembling hand ;
She felt her heart swell proudlier
Than in its purple band ;
And such the rippling stir of life
Upon her earnest face,
It seemed a stormy spirit filled
A form of marble grace.

vii.

“ And let,” she thought, “ the poet bear
His sounding lyre and song,
And still through temple, field, and mart
My tuneful fame prolong,

For if I but repay the strain
With word or look of praise,
'Tis then the last of love and verse,
The first of slavery's days.

VIII.

“ Then with the boisterous wedding comes
The dark, unhonored life ;
The worshipped goddess fading then
Is known an earthly wife ;
And all the longing sighs that now
In all his utterance play.
But like a tedious burden round
An old-remembered lay.

IX.

“ And if at last from long disdain,
And cold averted eyes,
To other lands and cities now
The bard in anguish flies,
To other springs and hills and woods
And other ears than these,
My name in melody will sound,
And sail on distant seas.

X.

“ And if in cave, or desert path,
Or at triumphal feast,
The journeying minstrel sinks in death,
From hopeless toil released ;
Upon his tomb be this inscribed,—
That he for Myrto died ;
And let his last lament record
Her beauty and her pride.”

XI.

So flowed the unpitying virgin's thought,
When pierced the laurel shade
A voice, that struck with dread and joy
The bosom of the maid.
Unseen the man, but known how well !
And while he breathed a song,
His harp-string helped with sweeter grief
His overburdened tongue.

XII.

“ Once more, beloved maid ! I strive
To touch thy frozen ear,
And wake the hopes so often chilled
Upon the lap of fear.

Once more, alas ! I seek to stir
A heart of human mould
With throbs of Nature's pulse that has
Sweet throbblings manifold.

XIII.

“ And O ! bethink thee, icy breast !
How vain the thought of pride
Which bids thee from my pleading turn
In sullenness aside ;
How weak and cheap a thing it is,
But O ! how rich in good
The joy of hearts when each to each
Reveals its fondest mood.

XIV.

“ E'en hadst thou given some rival's head
The flowery wreath of love,
Thy scorn of me men would not hate,
Nor would the gods reprove,
In words of bitter wrathfulness
My grief might urge its way,
But every curse invoked on thee
Would make my soul its prey.

XV.

“O ! give me but one whispered word,
Or gently wave thy hand ;
Bestow but this on him whose life
Thy very looks command.
The light of youth that gilds thee now
Will not be always thine,
But thou may'st bid in deathless song
Thy beauty's radiance shine.

XVI.

“Thou speak'st no mild relenting word !
So part we, I and thou,
To whom so oft in misery
Has bent my laurelled brow.
The gods that favor song and love
Will not be mocked in vain,
And higher they, proud Rock ! than thou ! *
To them I lift my strain.”

XVII.

The minstrel turned his steps away,
And moved with hurrying feet,
Till past the slumberous gloom that filled
The lonely village street ;

And through the vale beyond he fled,
And near the rocky shore,
And climbed the winding wooded path
That up the mountain bore.

XVIII.

The silent stars were gazing all,
The moon was up the sky,
And from below the tranquil sea
Sent measured sounds on high ;
It broke beneath a steep ascent
Where Aphrodite's fane
Appeared a home of steadfast calm
For wanderers o'er the main.

XIX.

And thither bent the bard his course,
Until the rugged way
Subdued his desperate recklessness
To an abhorred delay ;
And pausing, 'mid his haste, the thought
Of her he left behind
Brought tears into his burning eyes,
And checked his fiercer mind.

XX.

Yet soon he reached the terraced height,
The spot the Goddess chose,
Where channelled pillars round and strong
At equal spaces rose ;
Above were graven tablets fair
With gaps of dark between,
And o'er the deep receding porch
Celestial forms were seen.

XXI.

And soon he gained the marble steps,
Before the abode divine,
And soon he oped the brazen doors,
And sank within the shrine ;
'Twas dusk, and chill, and noiseless all,
And scarce amid the shade
He saw the form of her whose might
Can give the hopeless aid.

XXII.

“ And why,” he cried, “ O Goddess dread !
Must worshippers of thee,
'Mid all on earth the most despised,
Most miserable be ?

O ! hast thou not the strength to save,
Or art thou then indeed
Too cold and too averse a power
To succour mortal need ?

XXIII.

“ And is it false what oft was said
In days of old renown,
What hymn and lay so loud proclaim
In camp, and field, and town,
That thou, a bounteous arbitress,
Wilt hear when mourners call,
Delightest most in man’s delight,
And sendest bliss to all ?

XXIV.

“ By thee, as tale and history tell,
And sculptured marble grey,
And oracle and festal rite,
Surviving men’s decay ;
By thee all things are beautiful,
And peaceable, and strong,
And joy from every thro’ is born,
And mercy conquers wrong.

XXV.

“Thy birth, O ! Goddess, kind and smooth,
Was from the sunny sea,
The crystal blue and milky foam
In brightness cradled thee ;
From thee all fairest things have light,
Which they to men impart ;
Then whence arise the pangs and storms
That rend the lover’s heart ?”

XXVI.

’Twas thus the sorrowing bard addressed
That presence blind and dim,
Startling the visionary space,
That had no help for him ;
But then he raised in haste his eyes,
For lo ! a sudden ray
Around the Goddess cast a light,
Her own peculiar day.

XXVII.

A living form behold she stood,
Of more than sculptured grace !
The high immortal Queen from heaven,
The calm Olympian face !

Eyes pure from human tear or smile,
Yet ruling all on earth,
And limbs whose garb of golden air
Was Dawn's primeval birth !

XXVIII.

With tones like music of a lyre,
Continuous, piercing, low,
The sovran lips began to speak,
Spoke on in liquid flow ;
It seemed the distant Ocean's voice,
Brought near and shaped to speech,
But breathing with a sense beyond
What words of man may reach.

XXIX.

“ Weak child ! Not I the puny power
Thy wish would have me be,
A rose-leaf floating with the wind
Upon a summer sea.
If such thou need'st, go range the fields,
And hunt the gilded fly,
And when it mounts above thy head,
Then lay thee down and die.

XXX.

“ The spells which rule in earth and stars
Each mightiest thought that lives,
Are stronger than the kiss a child
In sudden fancy gives.
They cannot change, or fail, or fade,
Nor deign o’er aught to sway
Too weak to suffer and to strive,
And tired while still ’tis day.

XXXI.

“ And thou with better wisdom learn
The ancient lore to scan,
Which tells that first in Ocean’s breast
My rule o’er all began ;
And know that not in breathless noon
Upon the glassy main
The power was born that taught the world
To hail her endless reign.

XXXII.

“ The winds were loud, the waves were high,
In drear eclipse the sun
Was crouched within the caves of heaven,
And light had scarce begun.

The Earth's green front lay drowned below,
And Death and Chaos fought
O'er all the tumult vast of things
Not yet to severance brought.

XXXIII.

“ 'Twas then that spoke the fateful voice,
And 'mid the huge uproar,
Above the dark I sprang to life,
A good unhopèd before.
My tresses waved along the sky,
And stars leapt out around,
And Earth beneath my feet arose,
And hid the pale profound.

XXXIV.

“ A lamp amid the night, a feast
That ends the strife of war ;
To wearied mariners a port,
To fainting limbs a car ;
To exiled men the friendly roof,
To mourning hearts the lay ;
To him who long has roamed by night
The sudden dawn of day.

XXXV.

“ All these are mine, and mine the bliss
That visits breasts in wo,
And fills with wine the cup that once
With tears was made to flow.
Nor question thou the help that comes
From Aphrodite’s hand ;
For madness dogs the bard who doubts
Whate’er the gods command.”

XXXVI.

With lulled and peaceful sense the youth
Upon the marble floor
Reclined his head, nor wist he how
His bosom’s pangs were o’er.
Before the statue’s graven base
He sank in happy rest,
But visions plain as noonday truth
Came swiftly o’er his breast.

XXXVII.

For in the unmoving body’s trance,
When ear and eye are still,
The mind prophetic wakes and yearns,
And moulds the unconscious will ;

The silent sleeper's heart is near
The steadfast heart of All,
And sights to outward view denied
Obey the spirit's call.

XXXVIII.

The radiant Goddess changed her look
Of clear and mild control,
A gloomy fury seemed she now,
A tyrant o'er the soul.
With furrowed face and deadly glance
Like storm she swept away,
And still the min-strel saw the fiend
Pursuing swift her prey.

XXXIX.

And now she reached the chamber fair,
The ancient home's recess,
Where wearied Myrto lay asleep
In dreamy restlessness.
The lover saw the grisly sprite
Beside her couch appear,
And but for power that held him fast
He would have shrieked in fear.

XL.

The thoughts within the virgin heart
Took shapes that he could spell,
Like pictures visible and clear,
The maiden's tale they tell ;
And Doubt is there, and Pride, and Love
In fluctuating stir,
And many a memory of him,
And songs he framed for her.

XLI.

The fair brow quivers fast and oft,
The smooth lips work and wane,
And hand, and cheek, and bosom thrill,
And writhe as if in pain ;
And then in wan dismay she wakes,
And sees beside her bed
The spectral ghastliness whose gaze
Fills all the air with dread.

XLII.

She starts, and screams—O ! spare me, spare !
I know thy torments well,
To punish fierce insatiate pride
Thou com'st to me from hell.

Forgive, beloved ! return from death !
And soon thou shalt avow,
That she whose scorn was once so cold,
Can love no less than thou.

XLIII.

“ But O ! dark demon, if in vain
I pray the gods for aid,
Swift let me join my vanished love
In thy domain of shade ;
And take these horrid eyes away,
So pitiless and hard,
I cannot bear the looks that oft
I bent upon the bard.”

XLIV.

She turned and hid her tearful face,
And sighs convulsive rose,
And broke the charm that chained the youth
In motionless repose.
But still with waking ear he caught
The groans of Myrto's pain,
For she herself before him lay
Within the sacred fane.

XLV.

He clasped her quick, and held her close
Upon his bounding breast,
With tears and kisses warmed her cheek,
And knew that he was blest.
And now the maid forgiveness asked,
Now upward looked and smiled,
And firmler knit by sorrow past,
Their hearts were reconciled.

XLVI.

The golden sun sublime arose,
And filled the shrine with day,
The earth in gladness opened wide,
And green the valley lay ;
Serenely bright the Goddess glowed
Amid the purpled air,
And looked with gracious eyes benign
On those adoring there.

ALFRED THE HARPER.

I.

DARK fell the night, the watch was set,
The host was idly spread,
The Danes around their watchfires met,
Caroused, and fiercely fed.
They feasted all on English food,
And quaffed the English ale ;
Their hearts leapt up with burning blood
At each old Norseman tale.

II.

The chiefs beneath a tent of leaves,
And Guthrum, king of all,
Devoured the flesh of England's beesves,
And laughed at England's fall.

Each warrior proud, each Danish earl,
In mail and wolf-skin clad,
Their bracelets white with plundered pearl,
Their eyes with triumph mad.

III.

A mace beside each king and lord
Was seen, with blood bestained ;
From golden cups upon the board
Their kindling wine they drained.
Ne'er left their sad storm-beaten coast
Sea-kings so hot for gore ;
'Mid Selwood's oaks so dreadful host
Ne'er burnt a track before.

IV.

From Humber-land to Severn-land,
And on to Tamar stream,
Where Thames makes green the towery strand,
Where Medway's waters gleam,—
With hands of steel and mouths of flame
They raged the kingdom through ;
And where the Norseman sickle came,
No crop but hunger grew.

v.

They loaded many an English horse
With wealth of cities fair ;
They dragged from many a father's corse
The daughter by her hair.
And English slaves, and gems and gold,
Were gathered round the feast ;
Till midnight in their woodland hold,
Oh ! never that riot ceased.

vi.

In stalked a warrior tall and rude
Before the strong sea-kings ;
" Ye Lords and Earls of Odin's brood,
Without a harper sings.
He seems a simple man and poor,
But well he sounds the lay,
And well, ye Norseman chiefs, be sure,
Will ye the song repay."

vii.

In trod the bard with keen cold look,
And glanced along the board,
That with the shout and war-cry shook,
Of many a Danish lord.

But thirty brows, inflamed and stern,
Soon bent on him their gaze,
While calm he gazed, as if to learn
Who chief deserved his praise.

VIII.

Loud Guthrum spake,—“Nay, gaze not thus,
Thou Harper weak and poor !
By Thor ! who bandy looks with us
Must worse than looks endure.
Sing high the praise of Denmark’s host,
High praise each dauntless Earl ;
The brave who stun this English coast
With war’s unceasing whirl.”

IX.

The Harper sat upon a block,
Heaped up with wealthy spoil,
The wool of England’s helpless flock,
Whose blood had stained the soil.
He sat and slowly bent his head,
And touched aloud the string ;
Then raised his face, and boldly said,
“Hear thou my lay, O king !

X.

“ High praise from all whose gift is song
To him in slaughter tried,
Whose pulses beat in battle strong,
As if to meet his bride.
High praise from every mouth of man
To all who boldly strive,
Who fall where first the fight began,
And ne’er go back alive.

XI.

“ But chief his fame be quick as fire,
Be wide as is the sea,
Who dares in blood and pangs expire,
To keep his country free.
To such, great Earls, and mighty King!
Shall praise in heaven belong;
The starry harps their praise shall ring,
And chime to mortal song.

XII.

“ Fill high your cups, and swell the shout,
At famous Regnar’s name!
Who sank his host in bloody rout,
When he to Humber came.

His men were chased, his sons were slain,
And he was left alone.
They bound him in an iron chain
Upon a dungeon stone.

XIII.

“ With iron links they bound him fast ;
With snakes they filled the hole,
That made his flesh their long repast,
And bit into his soul.
The brood with many a poisonous fang
The warrior’s heart beset ;
While still he cursed his foes, and sang
His fierce but hopeless threat.

XIV.

“ Great chiefs, why sink in gloom your eyes ?
Why champ your teeth in pain ?
Still lives the song though Regnar dies !
Fill high your cups again.
Ye too, perchance, O Norsemen lords !
Who fought and swayed so long,
Shall soon but live in minstrel words,
And owe your names to song.

xv.

“ This land has graves by thousands more
Than that where Regnar lies.
When conquests fade, and rule is o’er,
The sod must close your eyes.
How soon, who knows ? Not chief, nor bard ;
And yet to me ’tis given,
To see your foreheads deeply scarred
And guess the doom of Heaven.

xvi.

“ I may not read or when or how,
But Earls and Kings, be sure
I see a blade o’er every brow,
Where pride now sits secure.
Fill high the cups, raise loud the strain !
When chief and monarch fall,
Their names in song shall breathe again,
And thrill the feastful hall.

xvii.

“ Like God’s own voice, in after years
Resounds the warrior’s fame,
Whose deed his hopeless country cheers,
Who is its noblest name.

Drain down, O Chiefs ! the gladdening bowl !
The present hour is yours ;
Let death to-morrow take the soul,
If joy to-day endures."

XVIII.

Grim sat the chiefs ; one heaved a groan,
And one grew pale with dread,
His iron mace was grasped by one,
By one his wine was shed.
And Guthrum cried, " Nay, bard, no more
We hear thy boding lay ;
Make drunk the song with spoil and gore !
Light up the joyous fray !"

XIX.

" Quick throbs my brain"—so burst the song—
" To hear the strife once more.
The mace, the axe, they rest too long ;
Earth cries my thirst is sore.
More blithely twang the strings of bows
Than strings of harps in glee ;
Red wounds are lovelier than the rose,
Or rosy lips to me.

XX.

“ Oh ! fairer than a field of flowers,
When flowers in England grew,
Would be the battle's marshalled powers,
The plain of carnage new.
With all its deaths before my soul
The vision rises fair ;
Raise loud the song, and drain the bowl !
I would that I were there !

XXI.

“ 'Tis sweet to live in honored might,
With true and fearless hand ;
'Tis sweet to fall in freedom's fight,
Nor shrink before the brand.
But sweeter far, when girt by foes,
Unmoved to meet their frown,
And count with cheerful thought the woes
That soon shall dash them down.”

XXII.

Loud rang the harp, the minstrel's eye
Rolled fiercely round the throng ;
It seemed two crashing hosts were nigh,
Whose shock aroused the song,

A golden cup King Guthrum gave
To him who strongly played ;
And said, " I won it from the slave
Who once o'er England swayed."

XXIII.

King Guthrum cried, "'Twas Alfred's own ;
Thy song befits the brave :
The King who cannot guard his throne
Nor wine nor song shall have."
The minstrel took the goblet bright,
And said, " I drink the wine
To him who owns by justest right
The cup thou bid'st be mine.

XXIV.

" To him, your Lord, Oh shout ye all !
His meed be deathless praise !
The King who dares not nobly fall,
Dies basely all his days.
The King who dares not guard his throne,
May curses heap his head ;
But hope and strength be all his own
Whose blood is bravely shed."

XXV.

“The praise thou speakest,” Guthrum said,
“With sweetness fills mine ear ;
For Alfred swift before me fled,
And left me monarch here.
The royal coward never dared
Beneath mine eye to stand.
Oh, would that now this feast he shared,
And saw me rule his land !”

XXVI.

Then stern the minstrel rose, and spake,
And gazed upon the King,—
“Not now the golden cup I take,
Nor more to thee I sing.
Another day, a happier hour,
Shall bring me here again,
The cup shall stay in Guthrum’s power
Till I demand it then.”

XXVII.

The Harper turned and left the shed,
Nor bent to Guthrum’s crown ;
And one who marked his visage said
It wore a ghastly frown.

The Danes ne'er saw that Harper more,
For soon as morning rose,
Upon their camp King Alfred bore,
And slew ten thousand foes.

LADY JANE GREY.

I.

THERE is an old and costly room of state,
With roof deep-groined of blazoned shields and flowers,
And arras rich with gold and silver weight,
Hangs round the walls, and shows green forest bowers.

II.

And figures blent of giant, dwarf, and knight,
Of lady fair, and palfrey, hawk and hound,
Amid those leafy cells the gaze invite,
Invite yet mock, for leaves half close them round.

III.

In order set are works of regal price,
Quaint carven chair and table, chest and lute :
And web of scarlet, black, and gold device,
Spread o'er the floor makes every foot-step mute.

IV.

The windows' shafts and loops of branching stone
Are gemmed with panes of each imperial hue,
Where saint and angel from the stars new flown,
With streams of crystal splendor flood the view.

V.

They fall with fondest brightness o'er the form
Of her who sits the chamber's lovely dame,
And her pale forehead in the light looks warm,
And all those colors round her whiteness flame.

VI.

Young is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,
With grave soft face, where thoughts and smiles may play,
And unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,
Serene as meadow-flowers may meet the day.

VII.

No guilty pang she knows, though many a dread
Hangs threatening o'er her in the conscious air,
And 'mid the beams from that bright casement shed,
A twinkling crown foreshows a near despair.

VIII.

But Jane regards not auguries of ill,
Nor ev'n that sovran vision draws her eyes,
Which bent in contemplation smooth and still
Drink dews that make the heart devoutly wise.

IX.

She reads in Plato's page, and sphered with him
Sees dark Hymettus, sees Ilissus flow ;
Through many an age's shadow broad and dim,
Lives back to where Athena's olives grow.

X.

With marble stems whose summits leaves enwreath,
The light and sculptured colonnade is there ;
In silent forms the gods and heroes breathe,
And awe with tranquil eyes the empurpled air.

XI.

Before her spread the azure Grecian seas,
The city's towers and temples rise around,
And columned halls are blent with arching trees,
Where sages musing pace the sacred ground.

XII.

And there with look as silver pure and bright,
And calm, and clear, like some deep ocean bay,
Her cherished teacher walks in evening light,
With steps that mark his soul's unruffled sway.

XIII.

With him she lives, and meditates, and loves,
And learns how nature, building up the mind,
Prepares the faith which wisdom best approves,
In One the immortal friend of mortal kind ;

XIV.

To whom all being tends, from whom proceeds,
Who is the only Source and Law of Good,
Benignant arbiter of earthly needs,
Felt, owned, revered, divined, not understood ;

XV.

Who imaged in a thousand gods for man,
And on ten thousand living things impressed,
Himself is hid where none his light may scan,
Yet ever present warms the longing breast ;

XVI.

A sun to which 'tis hard our eyes to raise !
Though shining round, it pours each beam of day,
In every drop lights up a mirrored blaze,
And lends each blade of grass a kindred ray ;

XVII.

Encircling Spirit known to human Thought,
By Reason watching o'er its own domain,
By Truth severe to brooding Conscience taught,
By Aims which time would strive to bound in vain.

XVIII.

Such flight of soul was hers, and thus she rose
Above the mist and turmoil thickening round,
Breathed purer air that o'er Cephissus blows,
And culled the wreaths that on its banks abound.

XIX.

Not long she knew this quiet. Loud the shout
Of tumult thickening on in heady strain ;
And murmured, roared, and echoed all about,
Breaks forth the dizzy cry, Long live Queen Jane !

XX.

Back falls the Chamber door ; and lo ! a crowd
Of judge, and counsellor, prelate, knight and peer ;
Swords, plumes, and jewels, fronts with victory proud,
And snow-white heads are bent her will to hear.

XXI.

Some tears she sheds, she trembles, turns away,
Then yields her presence at her sire's command.
The volume falls abandoned where it lay
A moment past in her attentive hand.

XXII.

The Queen, in robes of state and royal halls,
Glides trembling back with memory's swift career,
With inward voice upon the past she calls,
And wondering feels that she must learn to fear.

XXIII.

She thinks,—“ O ! Teacher, gentle, vast, sublime,
Strange lesson this for one upheld by thee ;
But thou hast help for man's most adverse time,
And in worst bondage aidest to be free.

XXIV.

“ Yet while I look within me wisdom fails,
I seem all dark and weak, an erring child,
When most I need it least thy lore avails,
And Truth’s pure brightness shows me all defiled.”

XXV.

Low drooped her brow, when trembling through the air
A sweet-voiced hymn was gently borne along ;
Perhaps an angel’s music warbled there,
Or human echoes of angelic song.

XXVI.

So soft, so full, so thrilling deep it spake,
It won the soul in seraph bliss to die,
And seemed at once her inward thirst to slake,
With joys of heaven and tears of Calvary.

XXVII.

She felt her life a trembling, earthly spark,
Was mounting up to shine a star above,
And lucid thoughts came rippling through the dark.
In one mild flow of Faith, and Hope, and Love.

XXVIII.

“ Methinks, O ! Sage, a nobler lore than thine,
More steadfast comfort gives and holier peace ;
And I am fed by wisdom more divine
Than e’er inspired melodious tongues of Greece.

XXIX.

“ On other shores, beneath more eastern skies,
Thy faith was once proclaimed from age to age,
Not sealed a treasure for the proudly wise,
But spread a people’s common heritage ;

XXX.

“ In saint and prophet burnt with keener flame
Than e’er illumed thy gracious soul’s delight ;
In children’s words, in songs of ancient fame
Was known, ennobled many a festal rite.

XXXI.

“ And all that Athens breathed of high and true,
With soaring thought and finely moulded speech,
In our dear Lord to Act and Being grew,
Whose Life was more than words could ever teach.

XXXII.

“ A Heart that beat for every human wo,
A Choice in holiest purpose pure and strong,
A Truth, sole morning-Light of all below,
A Love triumphant over deadliest wrong.

XXXIII.

“ In Him thy God, O Plato, dwelt on earth,
An open Presence, clear of earthly ill ;
The Life which drew from him its heavenly birth,
In all who seek renews his perfect Will.

XXXIV.

“ So have we Suffering, so a Trust like His,
So large Repentance born with many a thro,
So zeal untired to better all that is,
And peace of spirit even here below.

XXXV.

“ Then be it mine the Cross with him to bear,
And leave the flowery shades of Academe ;
With him go mourning through the infected air
Of grief and sin, and drink his bitter stream.

XXXVI.

“ So clearness, meekness, and unfaltering might,
Ungained, though bravely sought, O ! sage, by thee,
Shall be my starry chaplet in the night,
And in the coming dawn my crown shall be.” .

XXXVII.

Quick changed the darkening hour ; the reign was done
The princely crowds were shrunk away or dead ;
The prison closed in gloom, and hid the sun ;
And sank in dust, the fair, the youthful head.

SHAKSPEARE.

How little jades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that moved a great man's breast !
Though naught of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air ;
Though Shakspeare's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies ;
With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows ;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice,
And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,

Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye ;
And tones from him by other bosoms caught
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance, and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land more his than ours
He sits supreme enthroned in skyey towers,
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O ! shaping brain, O ! flashing fancy's hues !
O ! boundless heart kept fresh by pity's dew's !
O ! wit humane and blythe ! O ! sense sublime
For each dim oracle of mantled Time !
Transcendant Form of Man ! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed ;
Amid the expanse of years beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be ;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

COLERIDGE.

LIKE some full tree that bends with fruit and leaves,
While gentle wind a quivering descant weaves,
He met the gaze ; with sibyl eyes, and brow
By age snow-clad, yet bright with summer's glow ;
His cheek was youthful, and his features played
Like lights and shadows in a flowery glade.
Around him flowed with many a varied fall
And depth of voice 'mid smiles most musical,
Words like the Seraph's when in Paradise
He vainly strove to make his hearers wise.
In sore disease I saw him laid,—a shrine
Half-ruined, and all tottering, still divine.
'Mid broken arch and shattered cloister hung
The ivy's green, and wreaths of blossom clung ;

Through mingling vine and bay the sunshine fell,
Or winds and moonbeams sported round the cell ;
But o'er the altar burnt that heavenly flame,
Whose life no damps of earth availed to tame.
And there have I swift hours a watcher been,
Heard mystic spells, and sights prophetic seen,
Till all beyond appeared a vast Inane,
Yet all with deeper life revived again ;
And Nature woke in Wisdom's light, and grew
Instinct with lore that else she never knew,
Expanding spirits filled her countless forms,
And Truth beamed calmly through chaotic storms,
Till shapes, hues, symbols, felt the wizard's rod,
And while they sank in silence there was God.
O ! Heart that like a fount with freshness ran,
O ! Thought beyond the stature given to man,
Although thy page had blots on many a line,
Yet Faith remedial made the tale divine.
With all the poet's fusing, kindling blaze,
And sage's skill to thread each tangled maze,
Thy fair expressive image meets the view,
Bearing the sunlike torch, and subtle clew ;

Yet more than these for thee the Christian's crown
By Faith and Peace outvalued all renown.
This wearing, enter yon supernal dome,
And reach at last thy calm ideal home !
Enough for us to follow from afar,
And joyous track thy clear emerging Star.

MIRABEAU.

I.

Not oft has peopled Earth sent up
So deep and wide a groan before,
As when the word astounded France
—“The life of Mirabeau is o’er!”
From its one heart a nation wailed,
For well the startled sense divined
A greater power had fled away
Than aught that now remained behind.

II.

The scathed and haggard face of will,
And look so strong with weaponed thought,
Had been to many million hearts
The All between themselves and naught ;

And so they stood aghast and pale,
As if to see the azure sky
Come shattering down, and show beyond
The black and bare Infinity.

III.

For he, while all men trembling peered
Upon the Future's empty space,
Had strength to bid above the void
The oracle unveil its face ;
And when his voice could rule no more,
A thicker weight of darkness fell,
And tombed in its sepulchral vault
The wearied master of the spell.

IV.

A myriad hands like shadows weak,
Or stiff and sharp as bestial claws,
Had sought to steer the fluctuant mass
That bore his country's life and laws ;
The rudder felt his giant hand,
And quailed beneath the living grasp
That now must drop the helm of Fate,
Nor pleasure's cup can madly clasp.

v.

France did not reckon how fierce a storm
Of rending passion, blind and grim,
Had ceased its audible uproar
When death sank heavily on him ;
Nor heeded they the countless days
Of toiling smoke and blasting flame,
That now by this one final hour
Were summed for him as guilt and shame.

vi.

The wondrous life that flowed so long
A stream of all commixtures vile,
Had seemed for them in morning light
With gold and crystal waves to smile.
It rolled with mighty breadth and sound
A new creation through the land,
Then sudden vanished into earth,
And left a barren waste of sand.

vii.

To them at first the world appeared
Aground, and lying shipwrecked there,
And freedom's folded flag no more
With dazzling sun-burst filled the air ;

But 'tis in after years for men
A sadder and a greater thing,
To muse upon the inward heart
Of him who lived the People's King.

VIII.

O ! wasted strength ! O ! light and calm
And better hopes so vainly given !
Like rain upon the herbless sea
Poured down by too benignant heaven—
We see not stars unfixed by winds,
Or lost in aimless thunder-peals,
But man's large soul, the star supreme,
In guideless whirl how oft it reels !

IX.

The mountain hears the torrent dash,
But rocks will not in billows run ;
No eagle's talons rend away
Those eyes that joyous drink the sun ;
Yet Man, by choice and purpose weak,
Upon his own devoted head
Calls down the flash, as if its fires
A crown of peaceful glory shed.

X.

Alas !—yet wherefore mourn ? The law
Is holier than a sage's prayer ;
The godlike power bestowed on men
Demands of them a godlike care ;
And noblest gifts, if basely used,
Will sternliest avenge the wrong,
And grind with slavish pangs the slave
Whom once they made divinely strong.

XI.

The lamp that, 'mid the sacred cell,
On heavenly forms its glory sheds,
Untended dies, and in the gloom
A poisonous vapor glimmering spreads.
It shines and flares, and reeling ghosts
Enormous through the twilight swell,
Till o'er the withered world and heart
Rings loud and slow the dooming knell.

XII.

No more I hear a nation's shout
Around the hero's tread prevailing,
No more I hear above his tomb
A nation's fierce bewildered wailing ;

I stand amid the silent night,
And think of man and all his wo,
With fear and pity, grief and awe,
When I remember Mirabeau.

DÆDALUS.

I.

WAIL for Dædalus all that is fairest !
All that is tuneful in air or wave !
Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,
Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave !

II.

Statues bend your heads in sorrow,
Ye that glance 'mid ruins old,
That know not a past, nor expect a morrow
On many a moonlight Grecian wold !

III.

By sculptured cave and speaking river,
Thee, Dædalus, oft the Nymphs recall ;
The leaves with a sound of winter quiver,
Murmur thy name, and withering fall.

IV.

Yet are thy visions in soul the grandest
Of all that crowd on the tear-dimmed eye,
Though Dædalus thou no more commandest
New stars to that ever-widening sky.

V.

Ever thy phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood ;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of Good.

VI.

Calmly they show us mankind victorious
O'er all that's aimless, blind, and base ;
Their presence has made our nature glorious,
Unveiling our night's illumined face.

VII.

Thy toil has won them a god-like quiet ;
Thou hast wrought their path to a lovely sphere ;
Their eyes to peace rebuke our riot,
And shape us a home of refuge here.

VIII.

For Dædalus breathed in them his spirit ;
In them their sire his beauty sees :
We too, a younger brood, inherit
The gifts and blessing bestowed on these.

IX.

But ah ! their wise and graceful seeming
Recalls the more that the sage is gone ;
Weeping we wake from deceitful dreaming,
And find our voiceless chamber lone.

X.

Dædalus thou from the twilight fleest,
Which thou with visions hast made so bright ;
And when no more those shapes thou seest,
Wanting thine eye they lose their light.

XI.

E'en in the noblest of Man's creations,
Those fresh worlds round this old of ours,
When the seer is gone, the orphaned nations
See but the tombs of perished powers.

XII.

Wail for Dædalus Earth and Ocean !

Stars and Sun, lament for him !

Ages quake in strange commotion !

All ye realms of Life be dim !

XIII.

Wail for Dædalus, awful Voices,

From earth's deep centre Mankind appall !

Seldom ye sound, and then Death rejoices,

For he knows that then the mightiest fall.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine ;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath ;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man ;
Man 's a king, his throne is Duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth ;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives.
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee ?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason.
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness !
Man himself is all a seed ;
Hope and hard-ship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

THE HUNTER.

MERRILY winds the hunter's horn,
And loud the ban of dogs replying,
When before the shout of the fleet-foot morn,
The shadows of night are flying.

Sullen the boar in the deep green wood,
And proud the stag that roams the forest,
And noble the steed with his warlike blood,
That exults when the toil is sorest.

Fair is the land of hill and plain,
And lonesome dells in misty mountains ;
And the crags where eagles in tempest reign,
And swan-loved lakes and fountains.

These are the joys that hunters find,
Whate'er the sky that's bending o'er them,
When they leave their cares on their beds behind,
And earth is all fresh before them.

Day ever chases away the night,
And wind pursues the waves of ocean,
And the stars are brother-like hunters bright,
And all is in ceaseless motion,

Life is a chase, and so 'tis joy,
And hope foretel's the hunter's morrow ;
'Tis the skill of man and the bliss of boy
To gallop away from sorrow.

THE MARINERS.

RAISE we the yard and ply the oar,
The breeze is calling us swift away ;
The waters are breaking in foam on the shore ;
Our boat no more can stay, can stay.

When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
And billows are roaring loud below,
The boatman's song, in the stormy sky,
Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.

The timber that frames his faithful boat,
Was dandled in storms on the mountain peaks,
And in storms, with a bounding keel, 'twill float,
And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks, and shrieks.

And then in the calm and glistening nights,
We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
And deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
With which our hearts we cheer, we cheer.

For often the dauntless mariner knows
That he must sink to the land beneath,
Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.

Onward we sweep through smooth and storm ;
We are voyagers all in shine or gloom ;
And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney warm,
Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.

THE DEAREST.

I.

OH ! that from far-away mountains
Over the restless waves,
Where bubble enchanted fountains,
Rising from jewelled caves,
I could call a fairy bird,
Who, whene'er thy voice was heard,
Should come to thee, dearest !

II.

He should have violet pinions,
And a beak of silver white,
And should bring from the sun's dominions,
Eyes that would give thee light.

Thou should'st see that he was born
In a land of gold and morn
To be thy servant, dearest !

III.

Oft should he drop on thy tresses
A pearl, or diamond stone,
And would yield to thy light caresses
Blossoms in Eden grown.
Round thy path his wings would shower
Now a gem and now a flower,
And dewy odours, dearest !

IV.

He should fetch from his eastern island
The songs that the Peris sing,
And when evening is clear and silent,
Spells to thy ear would bring,
And with his mysterious strain
Would entrance thy weary brain,
Love's own music, dearest !

v.

No Phœnix, alas ! will hover,
Sent from the morning star ;
And thou must take of thy lover
A gift not brought so far :
Wanting bird, and gem, and song,
Ah ! receive and treasure long
A heart that loves thee, dearest !

LOUIS XV.

i.

THE King with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the Monarch mused,
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

ii.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth ;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth ;

He saw the trees that know no king
But him who bears a woodland axe ;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

III.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed
Before him now most plainly came ;
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

IV.

“ Why, who art thou ? ” exclaimed the King,
“ And what is that I see thee bear ? ”
“ I am a laborer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil ;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil.

v.

The laborer ne'er had seen the King,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began :
“ I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

vi.

“ Pray tell me friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre ?”
“ Oh ! nothing more than usual, Sir,
He died of living upon air.
’Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied ;
He could not pay gabell and tax,
And feed his children, so he died.”

vii.

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
“ It is, you know, a common thing ;
Our children's bread is eaten up
By Courtiers, Mistresses, and King.”

The King looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour,
How came it that the peasants died.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

I.

Low spake the knight to the peasant girl,
“ I tell thee sooth—I am belted Earl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle’s hall.

II.

“ Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy’s measure ;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

III.

“ Take, thou fairest ! this full-blown rose,
A token of Love that as ripely blows.”
With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

IV.

The maiden exclaimed—"Thou see'st, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite ;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

V.

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell,
But she turned from the Knight, and said, "Farewell ;"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

VI.

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel ;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

VII.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped ;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse,
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

VIII.

That morning the rose was bright of hue ;
That morning the maiden was fair to view ;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

I.

THE Leaguer round the castle wall
Had oft beheld its bravest fall,
While week on week went by ;
Nor fraud nor onset aught availed,
Those walls of granite never quailed,
Those men were sworn to die.

II.

The castle's Lord was far away,
But still its Lady roused the fray,
Steel heart in lovely breast !
And many a fiery rush was vain,
And spent the arrow's piercing rain
Against that rocky crest.

III.

But sickness came, and biting need,
That tames the forward spirit's deed,
And slacks the strongest hand.
With hollow looks their foes they eyed,
And wasted limbs were nerved by pride,
That scarce could wield the brand.

IV.

One night the moon was hid in cloud,
The mountain-wind was speaking loud,
The sky was drear and chill,
When sudden word went round the towers,
That all must join with banded powers,
And hurry down the hill.

V.

Then trembling hands and fainting hearts,
And souls that only woke by starts,
Were scared and drooped away.
The banner hung a powerless rag,
Mid men who oft around that flag
Had drenched in blood the clay.

VI.

Upon his lonely watch there stood
An aged man of sullen mood,
But known in many a fight,—
Old Mark the Greybeard, deeply scarred
With wounds that much his face had marred,
Yet strong with lingering might.

VII.

To him the Lady gliding came,
A pale and solitary dame,
And spake with glancing eyes—
“Thou know’st, my friend, our need so sore,
Thou know’st all other hope is o’er,
Except what Will supplies.

VIII.

“Thou stand the first, and lift thy sword ;
Two hundred men will own thy word
And rush upon the foe.”
Stern Mark replied, “My cravings speak
As clear as thou, but I am weak ;
By Heaven ! I will not go !”

IX.

A moment's pause, a passing thought
Deep change upon her spirit wrought,
Though crossed by fear and shame ;
And soon with downcast eye she said,—
“ Then I alone must give thee aid ;
May God forgive the blame !

X.

“ Thou lov'st my son, my only child,
Who oft upon thy arms has smiled,
And watched thy plume go by :
My breast now scarce can yield him food,
For I have none to cheer my blood ;
But thou shalt drain it dry.”

XI.

The soldier on the lady gazed,
And trembled sore—his blade he raised,
And swiftly turned away.
With tramp of strength, and battle-cry,
He drew the band beneath his eye,
And hurrying sought the fray.

XII.

Before that charge of pale despair,
The lusty throng collected there
Were torn, and dashed, and driven ;
And sweeping up the valley came,
With lances fixed and torches' flame,
The Chief restored by Heaven.

XIII.

Between those double powers hemmed in,
The foes were crushed with shrieks and din,
And trampled down to gore.
Amid them Mark was pierced, and fell,
While loud the trumpet rang to tell
His slayers lived no more.

XIV.

In other years that noble boy,
His sire and mother's only joy,
The tale by her was told ;
For life the sword of Mark he wore,
And when he died, his tombstone bore
The blade in shrine of gold.

xv.

Beside his tomb another stood
Where lay in marble Blanche the Good,
Like one in faith who dies.
The stainless lady's breast was bare,
And Mark's grey ghost was warder there,
To daunt irreverent eyes.

THE SEA-MAID.

I.

A MAIDEN came gliding o'er the sea,
In a boat as light as boat could be,
And she sang in tones so sweet and free,
“O ! where is the youth that will follow me?”

II.

Her forehead was white as the pearly shell,
And in flickering waves her ringlets fell,
Her bosom heaved with a gentle swell,
And her voice was a distant vesper bell.

III.

And still she sang while the western light
Fell on her figure so soft and bright,
“O ! where shall I find the brave young sprite
That will follow the track of my skiff to-night?”

IV.

To the strand the youths of the village run,
When the witching song has scarce begun,
And ere the set of that evening sun,
Fifteen bold lovers the maid has won.

V.

They hoisted the sail, and they plied the oar,
And away they went from their native shore,
While the damsel's pinnace flew fast before,
But never, O ! never we saw them more.

THE SPICE TREE.

I.

THE Spice Tree lives in the garden green,
Beside it the fountain flows,
And a fair Bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

II.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly King ;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant spring.

III.

That coil-bound stem has branches three,
On each a thousand blossoms grow ;
And old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rock below.

IV.

In the spiey shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome,
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

V.

The fair white Bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old.

VI.

“O! Princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear;
How sadly they flow from the depth below,
How long must I sing, and thou wilt not hear?”

VII.

“The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I too cease to mourn my love.

VIII.

“O! many a year so wakeful and drear
I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree.”

IX.

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red,
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom,
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread,
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

X.

Down springs the Bird with long shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood,
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

XI.

But sudden again upswells the fount,
Higher and higher the waters flow,
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colours of morning glow.

XII.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

XIII.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;
Under the spice-tree the Garden's Queen
Sits by her Lover, who wails no more.

THE PENITENT.

I.

WITHIN a dark monastic cell
A monk's pale corpse was calmly laid,
Peace on his lips was seen to dwell,
And light above the forehead played.

II.

Upon the stone beneath his hand
Was found a small and written scroll,
And he whose eye the record scanned
From this dim part must guess the whole.

III.

“ There comes a Thought at dead of night,
And bids the shapes of sleep be gone,
A Thought that's more than Thought, a sight
On which the sun has never shone.

IV

“ A pale stern face, and sterner far,
Because it is a woman’s face;
It gleams a waning worn-out star,
That once was bright with morning grace.

V.

“ An icy vision, calm, and cold,
The sprite of vanished hours it seems;
It brings to me the times of old,
That look like, but that are not, dreams.

VI.

“ It brings back sorrows long gone by,
And folly stained not washed with tears;
Years fall away like leaves, and die—
And Life’s bare bony stem appears.

VII.

“ Dark face! Thou art not all a shade
That fancy bids beside me be;
The blood, that once in passion played
Through my young veins, beat high for thee.

VIII.

“ Now changed and withered all ! My sighs
Round thee have breathed a sicklied air,
And sad before my saddening eyes
Thou showest the hues of my despair.

IX.

“ Still prayers are strong, and God is good ;
Man is not made for endless ill.
Drear Sprite ! my soul’s tormented mood
Has yet a hope thou canst not kill.

X.

“ Repentance clothes in grass and flowers
The grave in which the Past is laid ;
And close to Faith’s old minster towers,
The Cross lights up the ghostly shade.

XI.

“ Around its foot the shapes of fear,
Whose eyes my weaker heart appal,
As sister suppliants thrill the ear
With cries that loud for mercy call.

XII.

“Thou, God, wilt hear ! Thy pangs are meant
To heal the spirit, not destroy ;
And fiends from hell for vengeance sent,
When thou commandest, work for joy.”

THE MOSS-ROSE.

I.

Mossy rose on mossy stone,
Flowering 'mid the ruins lone,
I have learnt, beholding thee,
Youth and Age may well agree.

II.

Baby germ of freshest hue,
Out of ruin issuing new ;
Moss a long laborious growth,
And one stalk supporting both :

III.

Thus may still, while fades the past,
Life come forth again as fast ;
Happy if the relies sere
Deck a cradle, not a bier.

IV.

Tear the garb, the spirit flies,
And the heart unsheltered, dies ;
Kill within the nursling flower,
Scarce the green survives an hour.

V.

Ever thus together live,
And to man a lesson give,
Moss, the work of vanished years,
Rose, that but to-day appears.

VI.

Moss, that covers dateless tombs ;
Bud with early sweet that blooms ;
Childhood thus, in happy rest,
Lies on ancient Wisdom's breast.

VII.

Moss and Rose, and Age and Youth,
Flush and Verdure, Hope and Truth,
Yours be peace that knows not strife.
One the root and one the life.

TO A CHILD.

I.

DEAR child ! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves,
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

II.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go,
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day,

And brow so calm, a home for Thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought ;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

III.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind,
That laughter leaves no ache behind ;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part !
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

IV.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer ;
And thus to be beloved and known
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade :
Thou art a flash that lights the whole ;
A gush from Nature's vernal soul.

v.

And yet, dear Child ! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet and all things fair ;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect Heart and Will of Man.

vi.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be ;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within not loud but clear
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

THE SONG OF EVE TO CAIN.

I.

Oh ! rest, my baby, rest !
The day
Is glowing down the west ;
Now tired of sunny play,
Upon thy mother's breast
O ! rest, my darling, rest !

II.

Thou first-born child of man,
In thee
New joy for us began,
Which seemed all dead to be,
When that so needful ban
From Eden exiled man.

III.

But more than Paradise
Was ours,
When thou with angel eyes,
Amid our blighted flowers
Wast born, a heavenly prize
Unknown in Paradise.

IV.

My happy garden Thou,
Where I
Make many a hopeful vow,
And every hour espy
New bloom on each young bough ;
My sinless tree art thou.

V.

I fearless reap thy fruit
Of bliss ;
And I who am thy root,
Am too the air to kiss
The gleams that o'er thee shoot ;
And fed, I feed thy fruit.

VI.

Thy father's form and pride
And thought,
In thee yet undescried,
Shall soon be fully wrought,
Grow tall, and bright, and wide,
In thee our hope and pride.

VII.

Nay, do not stir, my child,
Be still ;
In thee is reconciled
To man Heaven's righteous Will.
To thee the Curse is mild,
And smites not thee, my child.

VIII.

To us our sin has borne
Its doom,
From light dethroned and torn,
'Twas ours to dwell in gloom ;
But thou, a better morn,
By that dark night art borne.

IX.

Thou shalt, my child, be free
From sin,
Nor taste the fatal tree,
For thou from us shalt win
A wisdom cheap to thee ;
So thou from ill be free !

X.

My bird, my flower, my star,
My boy !
My all things fair that are,
My spring of endless joy,
From thee is Heaven not far,
From thee, its earthly star.

XI.

So, darling, shalt thou grow
A man,
While we shall downward go,
Descend each day a span,
And sink beneath the wo
Of deaths from sin that grow.

XII.

And thou, perhaps, shalt see
A race
Brought forth by us, like thee ;
Though strength like thine, and grace.
In none shall ever be
Of all whom earth can see.

XIII.

And thou amid mankind
Shalt move
With glorious form and mind,
In holiness and love ;
And all in thee shall find
The bliss of all mankind.

XIV.

Then rest, my child, O rest !
The day
Has darkened down the west.
Thou dream the night away
Upon thy mother's breast ;
O ! rest, my darling rest !

ABELARD TO HELOISE.

I.

WHEN unveiled by Truth's compulsion,
Life without a smile appears,
And the breaking heart's convulsion
Finds no vent in words or tears ;

II.

Naught can cheer the dark existence
Which we may not fly from yet ;
But with Fate's severe assistance,
Though we live, we may forget.

III.

Patience, quiet, toil, denial,
These though hard are good for man ;
And the martyred spirit's trial
Gains it more than passion can.

IV.

This have thou and I been learning,
Lesson strange to young and old ;
But while loving, shrinking, yearning,
Be it still the faith we hold.

V.

For while woe is broad and patent,
Filling, clouding all the sight,
Ever *meliora latent*,
And a dawn will end the night.

VI.

Meliora latent ever ;
Better than the seen lies hid :
Time the curtain's dusk will sever,
And will raise the cas-ket's lid.

VII.

This our hope for all that's mortal,
And we too shall burst our bond ;
Death keeps watch beside the portal.
But 'tis Life that dwells beyond.

VIII.

Still the final hour befriends us,
Nature's direst though it be ;
And the fiercest pang that rends us,
Does its worst—and sets us free.

IX.

While our seekings, lingerings, fleeings,
Most inflame us, most destroy ;
It is much for weakest beings
Still to hope though not enjoy.

X.

Then from earth's immediate sorrow
Toward the skyey future turn ;
And from its unseen to-morrow
Fill to-day's exhausted urn.

THE AGES.

i.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
And lo ! they all have flowed away,
And o'er the hardening earth appears
Green pasture mixed with rocks of grey :
And there huge monsters roll and feed,
Each frame a mass of sullen life ;
Through slimy wastes and woods of reed
They crawl and tramp, and blend in strife.

ii.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
And o'er the wide and grassy plain,
A human form the prospect cheers,
The new-sprung lord of earth's domain.

Half clad in skins he builds the cell,
Where wife and child create a home ;
To Heaven he feels his spirit swell,
And owns a Might beyond the dome.

III.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
And lo ! a city and a realm ;
Its weighty pile a temple rears,
And walls are bright with sword and helm :
Each man is lost amid a crowd ;
Each power unknown now bears a name ;
And laws and feasts and songs are loud,
And myriads hail their monarch's fame.

IV.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
And now beside the rolling sea,
Where many a sailor nimbly steers,
The ready tribes are bold and free.
The graceful shrine adorns the hill ;
The square of Council spreads below ;
Their theatres a people fill,
And list to thought's impassioned flow.

V.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
We live amid a sterner land,
Where laws ordained by ancient seers
Have trained the soul to self-command.
There Pride and Policy and War,
With haughty fronts are gazing slow,
And bound at their triumphal car,
O'ermastered kings to darkness go.

VI.

How swiftly pass a thousand years !
And chivalry and faith are strong ;
And through devotion's humble tears,
Is seen high help for earthly wrong :
Fair gleams the cross with mystic light
Beneath an arch of woven gloom.
The Burgher's pledge of civil right,
The sign that marks the Monarch's tomb.

VII.

How swift the years ! how great the chain
That drags along our slight to-day !
Before that sound returns again
The Present will have streamed away ;

And all our World of busy strength
Will dwell in calmer halls of Time,
And then with joy will own at length,
Its course is fixed, its end sublime.

OTHO III.

I.

Upon a couch of golden woof
In royal hall, King Otho lay ;
Red banners hung along the roof
Spoke loud of war and battle-day.

II.

His long bright hair fell idly down
Above a cheek of pallid hue ;
Though near him lay the imperial crown,
No glance of his faint eyes it drew.

III.

For he was sick, and cold, and weak,
Nor e'en the thought of Rome subdued
Could clear the rust that stained his cheek
Or soothe his dark distempered mood

IV.

In stepped to him a hoary lord—
“ My Liege ! that mocking tale again
A stranger brings, with boastful word
Assevering she can heal thy pain.”

V.

“ Now gold be hers, and thanks, and praise !
For men by scores have come to me,
And said that they would ease my days,
And set my laboring spirit free.

VI.

Still here I lie. But never yet
A woman's art to soothe me came.
E'en now my pangs I half forget—
But say what aspect bears the dame ?”

VII.

“ My Liege ! I wot her form is tall,
And dark and wide the cloak she wears ;
Her speech with finely cadenced fall
A noble Roman's birth declares.”

VIII.

“ Nay, let her in, and wait without ;
To Rome’s fierce men some hate I bore ;
But even them ’twere dream to doubt,
Since now Crescentius lives no more.”

IX.

In walked the leech in humble guise,
With cloak, and hood that veiled her brow :
Upon the King she cast her eyes,
Who said—“ Fair dame, what seekest thou ?”

X.

“ Oh, King ! I know a medicine strong
To heal the sting of mortal ill ;
To thee of right its powers belong ;
To thee I bring my best of skill.”

XI.

“ Not thus a leech unknown we trust ;
But I would fain behold thee more ;
Thy speech assured in sound is just,
And I would read thy features o’er.

XII.

“ In these the soul may oft be found ;
Yet even now methinks thy voice
Delights me with a lovely sound,
And bids my flagging heart rejoice.”

XIII.

The King upon his elbow leant,
And opened fair his broad blue eyes ;
Her eyes' deep glow on his she bent,
And cast away her dull disguise.

XIV.

Swift change and dazzling ! Bright was she
With gold, and gems, and silk array,
That seemed the fitting garb to be
Of beauty's goodliest summer day.

XV.

The pearls amid her darkest hair
Adorned a brow of queenly span,
And hers were cheeks and mouth so fair
They lured away the will of man.

XVI.

The rubies floating o'er her breast
Drew warmth and love from where they lay ;
There vague delight was wooed to rest,
And felt it death from thence to stray.

XVII.

Up-sprang the King, and wondering gazed ;
He ne'er had looked on aught so bright ;
His eyes, his lips with joy amazed,
Were drinking beauty's air and light.

XVIII.

" O ! more than health and more than ease,
Thou giv'st me, lady, strength divine ;
The draught thou bringest let me seize,
And make thy maddest philtres mine."

XIX.

With downward smile, and shifting glance,
Her soft white hand from his she drew ;
She filled a cup with wine of France,
And in with it her spicery threw.

XX.

“ Drink first, my Liege, this potent draught
To heal whate’er thou hast of pain.”
With eager mouth her cup he quaffed,
As if her kisses’ depth to drain.

XXI.

“ Ha ! this in truth is royal wine !
Thy breath, methinks, is in the bowl.
What earthly clogs can now confine
The strength that fills my limbs, my soul ?

XXII.

“ I seem on wings aloft to rise,
And float o’er fading land and sea ;
And yet I would not climb the skies
To rule the stars, if torn from thee.

XXIII.

“ Thou turn’st away. At least a while
Come sit, enchantress, near my side.
’Tis much if but to see thee smile,
And here thy lips’ low music glide.

XXIV.

“And ah! thou loveliest, now indeed,
While thus thy hand is locked in mine,
While on thy face my looks may feed,
Thou hast a potion more than wine.”

XXV.

“My Liege, the health my drugs can give,
Will thus depart as soon as won.
An hour in throbless quiet live,
And then for thee my task is done.

XXVI.

“And we will speak of simpler things
Than those deep moods that love inspires;
But say, if ease my medicine brings,
Or fills thy brain with restless fires?”

XXVII.

“O! all within is calm and bliss;
My pulses bound like stags at play.
Yet once I knew a joy like this,
When first Crescentius owned my sway.

XXVIII.

“ I made him leave his guarded tower
By specious words of sage deceit ;
Soon Rome was taught her emperor’s power ;
Soon lay his corpse before my feet.”

XXIX.

“ And dost thou still, O King ! rejoice
To think how then the Roman died,
Who trusting thine imperial voice,
For life, for all on thee relied ?

XXX.

“ ’Twas said, but sooth it cannot be,
That Otho’s lips unfaltering swore,
The Roman state should still be free,
Its Consul ne’er be perilled more.”

XXXI.

“ By Peter ! truly thus they say ;
The lithe Italian subtly thought
Our German wit could never play
With arms by Latin cunning wrought.

XXXII.

" Thou needs must praise the shrewd device
That wiled him down from Hadrian's Mole,
The Pope absolved me at the price
Of fifty masses for his soul.

XXXIII.

" Not soon shall Rome of freedom speak,
And scorn our distant German crown ;
But tell me why I feel so weak,
Or why thy beauty wears a frown ?"

XXXIV.

" Full soon thy weakness, King ! will end,
And frowns are idle clouds to life ;
But say, thou flattering amorous friend,
Did slain Crescentius leave a wife ?"

XXXV.

" The slave deserved not woman's smile,
His wife, be sure, was naught to me ;
I let my squires their toil beguile
With favors due from such as she.

XXXVI.

“ Why glar’st thou thus with horrid eyes ?
Nay, woman, would’st thou strike a king ?
I cannot speak—my shout but sighs—
Help—help—O ! snakes my bosom wring.”

XXXVII.


“ So, perish, tyrant ! know that I
Am wife to him so basely slain ;
To me ’twas only left to die—
To die a wretch, but not in vain.

XXXVIII.

“ Thou canst not speak, but ’mid thy pang
I still can pierce thy freezing ear ;
Though loud the Emperor’s triumph rang,
My husband’s ghost is monarch here.

XXXIX.

“ O God ! who bring’st to guilty souls,
By their own hands, the vengeance due ;
Thy thunder now above me rolls,
And hails the deed, not bids me rue.



XL.

“ The poison works, the brow is stamped,
The hard eye stares, the jaw drops down ;
Pale corpse, my spirit too is damped,
And faints before thy lifeless frown.

XLI.

“ And yet a righteous deed is done,
And I shake off that weariest load ;
The thought of vengeance due to one
Who taught me Hate’s unblissful road.

XLII.

“ Corroding grief and maddening Shame
Are still the fiends that urge my life ;
But ’twill not blot Crescentius’ fame,
If men record his hapless wife.

XLIII.

“ Lie still, thou heap that wert a King,
And yield thy signet gem to me ;
My fixed resolve, and Otho’s ring,
Will soon have set the murderess free.

XLIV.

“ But free to what ? to pass her days
In some dark cell of cloistered wo ;
To hate the gladdening sunshine’s rays,
And long for death’s releasing blow.

XLV.

“ My Lords ! the King for some two hours
Will rest, and all without may wait ;
This royal token shows my powers
To pass at will through guards and gate.”

JOAN D'ARC.

I.

MANY a lucent star sublime
In the vault of earthly time ;
Many a deed, and name, and face,
Is a lamp of heavenly grace,
And, to us that walk below,
Cheers with hope the vale of wo.
Lo ! the great aerial host,
Whom our bodily eyes have lost,
To the spirit re-appear
With their glory shining here ;
Bearded saints from holy cell ;
Warriors who for Duty fell ;
Thoughtful devotees, in youth
Spell-bound by a glance of Truth.

And to whom all else has been
But a thin and changeful scene ;
All to whom the many shows
That the years of earth disclose,
Are but gleams, for moments given,
Of an ever-present heaven.

II.

High amid the dead who give
Better life to those that live,
See where shines the Peasant Maid,
In her hallowed mail arrayed,
Whom the Lord of Peace and War
Sent as on a flaming car,
From her father's fold afar.
Hers the calm supernal faith,
Braving ghastliest looks of death ;
For, O ! loveliest woodland flower
Ever bruised in stormiest hour !
Guardian saints have nerved thy soul
Battling nations to control ;

And the vision-gifted eye,
That, communing with the sky,
Sank when human steps were nigh,
Now, in face of fiend and man,
Must the camp and city scan,
And outspeed the rushing van.

III.

Pause not, gentle Maiden, now !
Awful hands have marked thy brow ;
And, in lonely hours of prayer,
'Mid the leafy forest air,
Boundless Powers, Eternal eyes,
Looks that made old prophets wise,
Have inspired thy solitude
With a rapt, heroic mood,
And have taught thy humble weakness
All the strength that dwells in meekness ;
And with how devouring sway,
Right, oppressed by long delay,
Bursts out in a judgment-day.
Thus thy heart is high and strong,
Swelling like cherubic song,

For thou art so low and small,
It must be the Lord of All
Who can thus a world appal.
Race and country, daily speech,
That makes each man dear to each,
Friends and home, and love of mother,
Grandsire's grave, and slaughtered brother,
Fields familiar, native sky,
Voices these that on thee cry ;
Winds pursue with vocal might,
Stars will not be dumb by night,
And the dry leaf on the ground
Has a tongue of pealing sound,
Loud from God commanding thee,
Go. and set thy nation free !

IV.

Battle's blast is fiercely blowing,
Clarions sounding, coursers bounding,
Pennons o'er the tumult flowing,
Host on host the eye astounding,
Wave on wave that sea confounding,
And in headlong fury going,

Mounted kingdoms wildly dashing
Lance to lance, and steed to steed ;
Now must haughtiest champions bleed,
And a myriad swords are flashing,
Loud on shield and helmet clashing ;
Ne'er had Ruin nobler spoil
On this broad and bloody soil.
As the storms a forest crushing,
Oaks of thousand winters grind,
So the iron whirl is rushing,
Shouts before and groans behind.
Still amid the dead and dying,
All in shattered ridges lying,
Pride, Revenge, and youthful Daring,
And their Cause and Country's Name,
Drive them on with sweep unsparing,—
Naught for life, and all for fame !
Still above the surge of battle
Breathes the trump its fatal gale,
And the hollow tambours rattle
Chorus to the deadly tale.
Still is Joan the first in glory,
Still she sways the maddening fight,

Kindling all the flames of Story,
With an unimagined might.
Squadrons furious close around her,
Still her blade is waving free ;
Sword nor lance avails to wound her,
Terror of a host is she.
Heavenly Guardian, maiden Wonder !
Long shall France resound the day,
When thou camest clad in thunder,
Blasting thy tremendous way.

v.

Yet, who closer marked the face
That o'erruled the battle-place,
Much had marvelled to discern
Looks more calm and soft than stern.
For no flush of hot ambition
Stained her soul's unearthly mission.
Raging hate, and stubborn pride,
Warlike cunning, life-long tried,
Low before that presence died,
For within her sainted heart
Naught of these had found a part.

God had willed the land to free ;
Handmaiden of God was she.
Ne'er so smooth a brow before,
Battle's darkening ensign wore ;
And 'twas still the gentle eye
Wont when evening veiled the sky,
In the whispering shade to see
Angels haunt the lonely tree.

VI.

Loud o'er Orleans' rampart swells
Music from her steeple bells,
Loud to France the triumph tells ;
And the vehement trumpets blending,
With the shouts to heaven ascending,
Hail the maid whom seraphs bless,
Consecrated Championess !
Sound from heart to heart that tingles,
Echoing on without a pause ;
While her name like sunshine mingles
With each breath a nation draws.

All the land, with joy on fire,
Blazes round the festal march,
Till they meet the priestly choir
Under Rheims' cathedral arch.
Ancient towers, and cloisters hoary,
Gleam and thrill above the king ;
Beauteous rite and blazoned story,
On his crown their lustre fling,
With an old resurgent glory,
Laws and Freedom hallowing.
Therefore, Baron, Count, and Peer,
Priest and Dame no more in fear,
All assemble wondering here ;
And a sea of common men,
Feasting all with greedy ken,
Now behold, in pomp appear,
Smiling, not without a tear,
Joan, the dearest sight to see,
First of all the chivalry,
Bearing low her bannered spear.

vii.

Dizzy with their full delight,
All disperse ere comes the night.
Charles and all his train are met,
Revelling in royal hall;
Shield and pennon o'er them set,
Many a doubtful fight recall;
And the thronged and clanging town,
For the rescued land's renown,
Keeps a sudden carnival.
Ask ye, where the while is Joan?
She within the Minster lone,
To the silent altar steals,
And before it trembling kneels;
And amid the shadows dim,
Faithfully she prays to Him
Who his light in dark reveals.
Now again her home she sees,
Donuremy with all its trees,
Where the ancient beech is growing,
And the haunted fount is flowing,

And the Mense with equal sound
Breathes its quiet all around.
Won again by weeping prayer,
Lo! her loved protectors there,
Catherine mild, and Margaret fair.
Over them a light is streaming,
On their gracious foreheads beaming,
Effluence from an orb unseen ;
To which Heaven is but a screen ;
All our human sight above,
Not beyond our human love ;
And from thence she hears a voice
That can make the dead rejoice ;
—“ Give not way to Pride or Fear,
For the end of all is near ! ”

VIII.

End with many tears implored !
'Tis the sound of home restored !
And as mounts the angel show,
Gliding with them she would go,
But, again to stoop below,

And, returned to green Lorraine,
Be a shepherd child again.
Now the crown of Charles is won,
Now the work of God is done,
Angel wings, away ! away !
Lift her home by close of day,
And upon her mother's breast
Give her weary spirit rest.
Then, with vernal thickets nigh,
And the waters glistening by,
In smooth valleys let her keep
Undescried her quiet sheep.
This the promise to the maid
By the heavenly voice conveyed :
O ! how differing far the doom !
O ! how close the bloody tomb ;
Thus men hear, but not discern,
What Heaven wills that they should learn ;
And the Time and Deed alone
Make the eternal meaning known.

IX.

Wail, ye fields and woods of France !
Rivers, dim your sunny glance !
All of strong, and fair, and old
That the eyes of men behold,
Mountain grey, and hermit dell,
Sun and stars unquenchable,
Founts whose kisses woo the lea,
Endless, many-flooded sea,
All that witnesses a power
To o'erawe the importunate hour,
Human works devoutly wrought
To unfold enduring thought,
Shrines that seem the reverend birth
Of an elder, holier earth,
Mourn above your altars dear,
Quaking with no godless fear !
And, thou deepest heart of man,
Home of Love ere Sin began,
Faith prophetic, Mercy mild,
Patriot passion undefiled,

Mourn with righteous grief the day
When was hushed your choral lay !
When the hovering guardian band
Of the liberated land,
Radiant kings, were seen to wane,
And were eyeless clouds again ;
When the foe, who far recoiled,
By a maiden's presence foiled,
Rushed again in grim despair
From his burning bloody lair,
And made prey of her whose word
Was so oft a living sword.

V.

Woful end, and conflict long !
Stress of agonizing wrong !
In the black and stifling cell,
Watched by many a sentinel,
Not a saint is with her now
Beaming light from locks and brow ;
No melodious angel calls
Through the huge unshaken walls ;

But the brutal sworder jeers,
Making merry at her tears,
And the priests her faith assail
Till it fears, but cannot fail.
So the hopeful cheer she wore
Like a robe of state before—
Branch and leaf, and summer flower,
Perish from her hour by hour.
But the firm sustaining root
Dies not with the feathery shoot.
So survives her soul—but O !
Fierce the closing gust of wo,
When beneath the eyes of day
Thousands gather round her way,
And a host in steel array ;
When the captive, wan and lowly,
Walks beside her gaoler slowly,
Till before the expectant pile
Weak she stands, with saddest smile ;
And her steady tones reply
To the cowed tormentor's lie—
“ God commanded me to go,
And I went, as well ye know,

To destroy my country's foe !"
 While she clasps the saving rood
 Fiercer swells the murderers' mood,
 Till, through rising smoke and flame
 Comes no sound but Jesu's name—
 Jesu—Jesu—oft renewed,
 Oft by stifling pain subdued,
 Soon that cry is heard no more,
 And the people, mute before,
 Groan to Heaven, for all is o'er.

XL.

Word untrue ! That All can ne'er
 Have its close and destiny here.
 All that can be o'er on earth
 Is the shifting cloudland's birth ;
 Dream and shadow, mist and error,
 Joy unblest, and nightmare terror—
 Passions blent in ghostly play,
 Twinklings of a gusty day—
 Glittering sights that vaguely roll,
 Catch the eye, but mock the soul—

Griefs and hopes ill understood,
Tyrants of man's weaker mood,
Folly's loved, portentous brood—
These, and all the aims they cherish,
In their native tomb may perish.
Phantoms shapeless, huge, and wild,
That beset the greybeard child—
Loud usurpers, fierce and mean,
Ruling an unstable scene ;
Blinding hate, and gnawing lust,
Lies that cheat our wiser trust,
These may cleave to formless dust ;
But the earth, oppressed so long
By the heavy steps of Wrong,
Sends an awful voice on high
With a keen accusing cry,
And appeals to him whose lore
Tells—the All can ne'er be o'er.

XII.

Faithful maiden, gentle heart !
Thus our thoughts of grief depart ;

Vanishes the place of death ;
Sounds no more thy painful breath ;
O'er the unbloody stream of Meuse
Melt the silent evening dew,
And along the banks of Loire
Rides no more the armed destroyer.
But thy native waters flow
Through a land unnamed below,
And thy woods their verdure wave
In the vale beyond the grave,
Where the deep-dyed western sky
Looks on all with tranquil eye,
And on distant dateless hills
Each high peak with radiance fills.
There amid the oak-tree shadow,
And o'er all the beech-crowned meadow,
Those for whom the earth must mourn
In their peaceful joy sojourn.
Joined with Fame's selected few,
Those whom Rumor never knew,
But no less to Conscience true ;
Each grave prophet-soul sublime,
Pyramids of elder Time ;

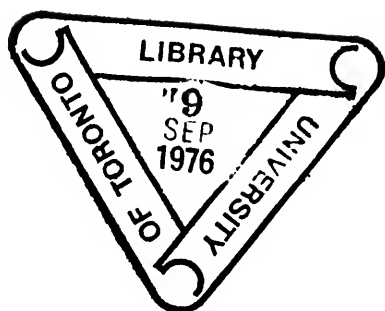
Bards with hidden fire possessed,
Flashing from a wo-worn breast ;
Builders of man's better lot,
Whom their hour acknowledged not,
Now with strength appeased and pure,
Feel whate'er they loved is sure.
These and such as these the train,
Sanctified by former pain,
'Mid those softest yellow rays
Sphered afar from mortal praise ;
Peasant, matron, monarch, child,
Saint undaunted, hero mild,
Sage whom pride has ne'er beguiled ;
And with them the Champion-maid
Dwells in that serenest glade ;
Danger, toil, and grief no more
Fret her life's unearthly shore ;
Gentle sounds that will not cease,
Breathe but peace, and ever peace ;
While above the immortal trees,
Michael and his host she sees
Clad in diamond panoplies ;

And more near, in tenderer light,
Honored Catherine, Margaret bright,
Agnes, whom her loosened hair
Robes like woven amber air—
Sisters of her childhood come
To her last eternal home.

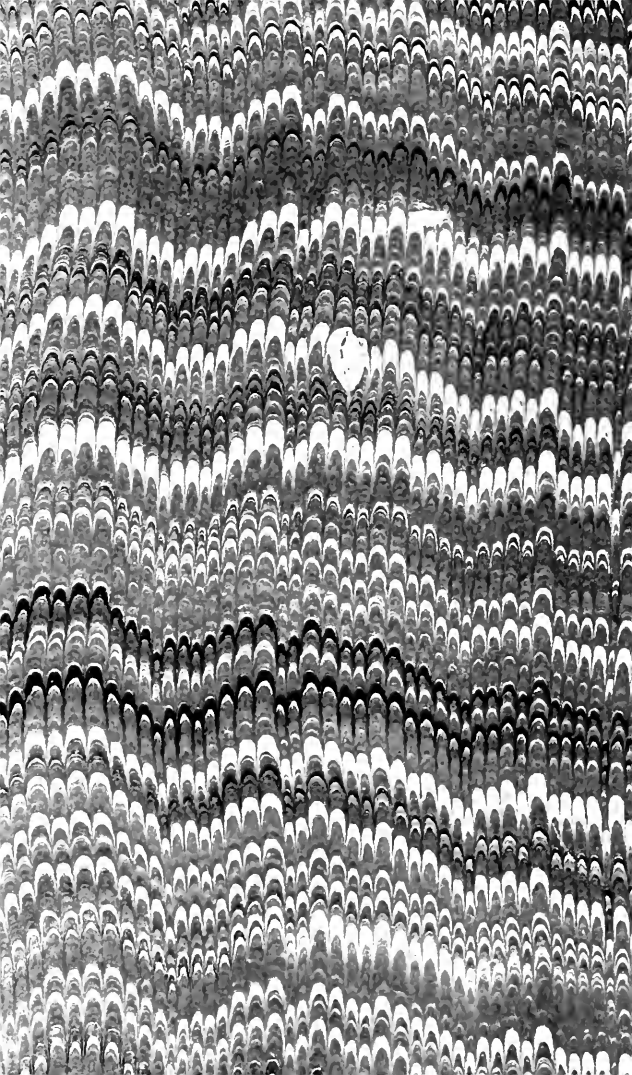
THE END

LONDON.

BROADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEHALLS.







**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

